



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



















•

■

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R. L.



# THE LAST MINSTREL:

A POEM.

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*



*non relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,  
de quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.*

**THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**55297B**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

**B 1940 L**

---

---

*Printed by D. & G. BRUCE, Stone-lane, New-York.*

---

---

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES,  
EARL OF DALKEITH,  
HIS POEM IS INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.



Vertical text or markings along the left edge of the page, possibly a page number or a reference code.

...like, and combining habits of  
stant depredation with the influence of a  
spirit of chivalry, were often engaged  
scenes, highly susceptible of poetical  
ment. As the description of scenery  
manner was more the object of the author  
than a combined and regular narrative,  
plan of the ancient Metrical Romance  
adopted, which allows greater latitude,  
his respect, than would be consistent with  
the dignity of a regular Poem. The same  
model offered other facilities, as it permitted  
occasional alteration of measure, which  
some degree, authorizes the change of  
rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted  
from popular belief, would have seemed  
superfluous in a poem, which did not partake of  
the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical  
Romance.  
For these reasons



## CONTENTS.

|                        |    |
|------------------------|----|
| Introduction .....     | 1  |
| CANTO I. ....          | 2  |
| CANTO II. ....         | 4  |
| CANTO III. ....        | 6  |
| CANTO IV. ....         | 8  |
| CANTO V. ....          | 10 |
| CANTO VI. ....         | 10 |
| NOTES to Canto I. .... | 12 |
| Canto II. ....         | 15 |
| Canto III. ....        | 17 |
| Canto IV. ....         | 18 |
| Canto V. ....          | 20 |
| Canto VI. ....         | 21 |

— 5 — the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old ;  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seemed to have known a better day ;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry.  
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled ;  
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;  
No longer courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady —

The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.  
 With hesitating step, at last,  
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,  
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
 But never closed the iron door  
 Against the desolate and poor.  
 The Dutchess\* marked his weary pace,  
 His timid mien, and reverend face,  
 And bade her page the menials tell,  
 That they should tend the old man well :  
 For she had known adversity,  
 Though born in such a high degree ;  
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !  
 When kindness had his wants supplied,  
 And the old man was gratified,  
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
 And he began to talk anon,  
 Of good Earl Francis,† dead and gone,  
 And of Earl Walter,‡ rest him God !  
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :  
 And how full many a tale he knew,  
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;

\* Anne, Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Dutchess.

‡ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Dutchess, and a celebrated warrior.

could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
But, when he reached the room of state,  
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease,  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
The pitying Dutchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
And every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said he

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and smiled;  
And lightened up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy!  
In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along:  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:  
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
In the full tide of song were lost;  
Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

# LAST MINSTREL

## CANTO I.

### I.

**T**HE feast was over in Branksome tower,  
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower  
 Her bower that was guarded by word and  
     by spell,  
 Deadly to hear and deadly to tell—  
 Jesu Maria, shield us well!  
 No living wight, save the ladye—  
 Had done—

THE LAY OF THE *Canto 1*

III.

Five and twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome hall ;  
Five and twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds from bower to  
stall ;  
Five and twenty yeomen tall  
Waited, duteous, on them all :  
They were all knights of mettle true,  
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur on heel :  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night :  
They lay down to rest,  
With corslet laced,  
Willowed on buckler cold and hard ;  
They carved at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the  
helmet barred.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mailclad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten ;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Good saddled in stable day and night,  
Bed with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
With Jedwood axe at saddle bow ;

**Canto 1. LAST MINSTREL.**

**A hundred more fed free in stall:  
Such was the custom of Branksome**

**VI.**

**Why do these steeds stand ready d  
Why watch these warriors, armed,  
They watch, to hear the bloodhoun  
They watch, to hear the warhorn b  
To see Saint George's red cross str  
To see the midnight beacon gleami  
    They watch, against Southern  
        guile,  
Lest Scrope, or Howard, or Percy  
Threaten Branksome's lordly towe  
    From Warkworth, or Naworth,  
        Carlisle.**

**VII.**

**Such is the custom of Branksome h  
    Many a valiant knight is here ;  
But he, the chieftain of them all,  
His sword hangs rusting on the wal  
    Beside his broken spear.  
Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell !  
When startled burghers fled, afar,  
The furies of the border war ;  
When the streets of high Dunedin  
Saw lances gleam, and falchions r'  
And heard the slogan's\* deadly y  
Then the chief of Branksome fe**

\* The war cry, or gathering word, of



**THE LAY OF THE**      *Canto 1.*

**VIII.**

in piety the discord heal,  
Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?  
in christian lore, can patriot zeal,  
Can love of blessed charity?  
o! vainly to each holy shrine,  
In mutual pilgrimage they drew ;  
explored, in vain, the grace divine  
For chiefs their own red falchions slew ;  
hile Cessford owns the rule of Car,  
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,  
ie slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,  
ie havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot !

**IX.**

sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier  
The warlike foresters had bent ;  
id many a flower, and many a tear,  
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :  
it o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
ie Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !  
Vengeance, deep brooding o'er the slain,  
Had locked the source of softer woe ;  
And burning pride, and high disdain,  
Forbade the rising tear to flow ;  
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
*Her son* lisped from the nurse's knee—  
*And, if I live to be a man,*  
*' My father's death revenged shall be !'*

The last attire

    All loose her golden hair,  
lung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,  
    And wept in wild despair.  
But not alone the bitter tear  
    Had filial grief supplied ;  
or hopeless love, and anxious fear,  
    Had lent their mingled tide :  
or in her mother's altered eye  
    ured she to look for sympathy.  
er lover, 'gainst her father's clan,  
Vith Car in arms had stood,  
    en Matthouse burn to Melrose ran  
    ll purple with their blood ;  
    well she knew, her mother dread,  
    re lord Cranstoun she should wed.  
    'd see her on her death-bed

**THE LAY OF THE Can**  
n no darkening shadow traced  
the sunny wall !

**XII.**

his skill, as bards avow,  
ught that Ladye fair,  
er bidding she could bow  
viewless forms of air.  
w she sits in secret bower,  
ord David's western tower,  
ens to a heavy sound,  
oans the mossy turrets round. <sup>70</sup>  
: roar of Teviot's tide,  
afes against the scaur's\* red side  
: wind that swings the oaks ?  
: echo from the rocks ?  
ay it be, the heavy sound,  
oans old Branksome's turrets ro

**XIII.**

sullen, moaning sound,  
bandogs bay and howl ;  
om the turrets round,  
l whoops the startled owl.  
all, both squire and knight  
e that a storm was near,  
oked forth to view the night ;  
the night was still and clear !

\* *Scaur*, a precipitous bank of earth.

..... of the wind-swing oak,  
he spilen echo of the rock,  
he voice of the coming storm,  
Ladye knew it well!  
he Spirit of the Flood that spoke,  
he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

it thou, brother?"

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

..... " Brother, nay—  
As the moon beams play.  
ik-cross to Skelfhillpen,  
rill, in every glen,  
es their marriage—

**THE LAY OF THE *Ganto* 1.**

ret of Branksome, sorrow laden,  
rns beneath the moon's pale beam.  
e, thou, who viewest the stars,  
shall cease these feudal jars?  
hall be the maiden's fate?  
hall be the maiden's mate?

**XVII.**

**MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.**

ur's slow wain his course doth roll,  
er darkness round the pole ;  
orthern Bear lowers black and grim ;  
s studded belt is dim ;  
ling faint, and distant far,  
ers through mist. each planet star ;  
ay I read their high decree !  
o kind influence deign they shower  
viot's tide, and Branksome's tower,  
pride be quelled, and love be free."

**XVIII.**

nearthy voices ceast,  
l the heavy sound was still ;  
d on the river's breast,  
ied on the side of the hill.  
ound lord David's tower  
s sound still floated near ;  
rung in the Ladye's bower,  
' *it rung in the Ladye's ear.*  
*ed her stately head,*  
*er heart throbb'd high with pride:—*

nany a bold retainer lay,  
jocund din, among them all,  
pursued his infant play.

nosstrooper, the boy  
icheon of a spear bestrode,  
the hall, right merrily,  
: foray\* rode.

led knights, in arms grown old,  
his frolic gambols bore,  
r hearts, of rugged mould,  
ibborn as the steel they wore.

y warriors prophesied,  
: brave boy, in future war,  
e the unicorn's pride,  
e crescents, and the star.†

## XXI.

A stark mosstrooping Scott was he,  
 As e'er couched Border lance by knee:  
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss  
 Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;  
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
 Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds ;  
 In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,  
 But he would ride them, one by one ;  
 Alike to him was time, or tide,  
 December's snow, or July's pride ;  
 Alike to him was tide, or time,  
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime :  
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,  
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;  
 Five times outlawed had he been,  
 By England's king, and Scotland's queen.

## XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;  
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,  
 Until thou come to fair Tweed side ;  
 And in Melrose's holy pile  
 Seek thou the monk of St. Mary's aisle.  
 Greet the father well from me ;  
 Say, that the fated hour is come,  
*And to night he shall watch with thee,*  
*To win the treasure of the tomb :*  
*' this will be saint Michael's night,*  
*though stars be dim, the moon is brig*

What he gives thee, see thou keep ;  
Stay not thou for food or sleep.  
Be it scroll, or be it book,  
Into it, knight, thou must not look ;  
If thou readest, thou art lorn !  
Better hadst thou ne'er been born."

#### XXIV.

" O swiftly can speed my dapplegray steed  
Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;  
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,  
" Again will I be here :  
And safer by none may thy errand be done  
Than, noble dame, by me ;  
Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Wer't my neck-verse at H-



ly he view  
ere Druid shades still fitted  
Hawick twinkled many a light ;  
hind him soon they set in night ;  
nd soon he spurred his courser keen  
eneath the tower of Hazeldean.

### XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mar!  
" Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark."  
" For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejo  
And left the friendly tower behind.  
He turned him now from Teviot side,  
And, guided by the tinkling rill,  
Northward the dark ascent did ride,  
And gained the moor at Horselie hi  
Broad on the left before him lay,  
For many a mile, the Roman way.†

### XXVII.

his speed

... a later year  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear  
When some sad swain shall teach  
Ambition is no cure for Love.

### XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence past Delorain  
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,  
Where Aill, from mountains free  
Down from the lakes did raving see  
Each wave was crested with tawny  
Like the mane of a chesnut steed.  
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,  
Might bar the bold mosstrooper's road.

### XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low  
And the water broke o'er the saddle  
Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
Scarce half the charger's head was seen.

**THE LAY OF THE *Canto 1.***

o' good heart, and our Ladye's grace,  
h he gained the landing place

**XXX.**

owden moor the marchman won,  
ternly shook his plumed head,  
ed his eye o'er Halidon ;\*  
n his soul the slaughter red  
unhallowed morn arose,  
st the Scott and Car were foes ;  
oyal James beheld the fray,  
the victor of the day ;  
lome and Douglas, in the van  
wn Buccleuch's retiring clan,  
ant Cessford's heartblood dear  
on dark Elliot's Border spear.

**XXXI.**

r mood he spurred fast,  
n the hated heath was past ;  
beneath, in lustre wan,  
rose rose, and fair Tweed ran :  
ne tall rock, with lichens gray,  
dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.  
awick he passed, had carfew rung,  
dnight laudst were in Melrose sung.  
nd upon the fitful gale,  
in wise did rise and fail,  
t wild harp, whose magic tone  
ed by the winds alone.

*14*, on which the battle of Melrose was  
midnight service of the Catholic church

—  
paused the harp; and with its swell  
ster's fire and courage fell:  
edly, and low, he bowed,  
zing timid on the crowd,  
ned to seek, in every eye,  
pproved his minstrelsy;  
fident of present praise,  
at he spoke of former days,  
'old age, and wandering long,  
e his hand and harp some wrong.  
utchess and her daughters fair,  
y gentle ladye there,  
er each, in due degree,  
ises to his melody;  
was true Li-



# LAST MINSTREL.

## CANTO II.

### I.

    F thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
    Do visit it by the pale moonlight;  
    For the gay beams of lightsome day  
    Would, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
    When the broken arches are black in night,  
    And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
    When the cold light's uncertain shower  
    Falls on the ruined central tower.

THE LAY OF THE *Canto 2.*

II.

What halt did Deloraine make there ;  
He recked he of the scene so fair.  
A dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong, }  
He struck full loud, and struck full long.  
The porter hurried to the gate—  
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"  
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried ;  
He straight the wicket opened wide :  
Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,  
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;  
Lands and livings, many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

What Deloraine his errand said ;  
The porter bent his humble head ;  
A torch in hand, and feet unshod,  
In noiseless step, the path he trod :  
He arched cloisters, far and wide,  
He went to the warrior's clanking stride ;  
He stooping low his lofty crest,  
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,  
He lifted his barred aventayle,\*  
He called the monk of Saint Mary's aisle,

IV.

"Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;  
That the fated hour is come,

\* *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet:

u ~~his~~ ~~thin~~ locks and hoating beard.

V.

strangely on the knight looked he,  
id his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide ;  
d, darest thou, warrior ! seek to see  
at heaven and hell alike would hide ?  
reast, in belt of iron pent,  
ith shirt of hair, and scourge of thorn ;  
hreescore years, in penance spent,  
7 knees those flinty stones have worn ;  
ll too little to atone  
nowing what should ne'er be known.  
ldst thou thy every future year  
ceaseless prayer and penance drie,  
wait thy latter end with fear—  
an daring warrior follow me !



**He had himself been a warrior bold,  
Fought in Spain and Italy,  
He thought on the days that were long  
ago by,  
His limbs were strong, and his courage  
was high :—  
Slow and faint, he led the way,  
The cloistered round, the garden lay ;  
Pillared arches were over their head,  
Beneath their feet were the bones of the  
dead.**

### VIII.

**Living herbs, and flow'rets bright,  
Scented with the dew of night ;  
No herb, nor flow'ret, glistened there,  
Was carved in the cloister arches as fair.**

pillars, lofty, and light, and small ;  
pinnacle, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
leur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;  
orbels\* were carved grotesque and  
m ;

pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
base and with capital flourished around,  
bundles of lances which garlands had  
ind.

### X.

by a scutcheon and banner, riven,  
the cold nightwind of heaven,  
d the screened altar's pale ;  
e the dying lamps did burn,  
ry low and lonely urn,  
chief of Ottom

**THE LAY OF THE**      *Canto 1.*

wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
    t poplars straight the osier wand,  
many a freakish knot, had twined ;  
framed a spell when the work was done,  
changed the willow wreaths to stone.  
ilver light, so pale and faint,  
ed many a prophet and many a saint  
ose image on the grass was dyed ;  
n the midst, his cross of red  
phant Michael brandished,  
d trampled the apostate's pride.  
noonbeam kissed the holy pane,  
hrew on the pavement a bloody stain.

**XII.**

sate them down on a marble stone,  
Scottish monarch slept below ;) )  
spoke the monk, in solemn tone:—  
was not always a man of woe ;  
'aynim countries I have trod,  
'ought beneath the cross of God :  
strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
heir iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

**XIII.**

hese far climes, it was my lot  
et the wondrous Michael Scott ;  
izard of such dreaded fame,  
when, in Salamanca's cave,  
sted his magic wand to wave,  
bells would ring in Notre Dame!

ving but thought them my heart  
penance must be done.

XIV.

chael lay on his dying bed,  
nce was awakened ;  
ght him of his sinful deed,  
re me a sign to come with speed :  
ain when the morning rose,  
by his bed ere evening close.  
may not again be said,  
ke to me, on death-bed laid ;  
I rend this Abbaye's massy nave,  
in heaps above his grave.



**THE LAY OF THE *Canto 8.***

dug his chamber among the dead,  
the floor of the chancel was stained red,  
his patron's cross might over him wave,  
to scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

**XVI.**

was a night of woe and dread,  
Michael in the tomb I laid!  
The sounds along the chancel past;  
The banners waved without a blast,"—  
I spoke the monk, when the bell tolled  
The peal—  
You, that a braver man  
William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Not a foe ne'er spurred a steed;  
Somewhat was he chilled with dread,  
His hair did bristle upon his head.

**XVII.**

Warrior! now, the cross of red  
Is to the grave of the mighty dead;  
And it burns a wondrous light  
To ease the spirits that love the night:  
The lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
The eternal doom shall be."  
I moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,  
On which the bloody cross was traced upon:  
I pointed to a secret nook;  
The iron bar the warrior took;  
The monk made a sign, with his wither'd  
Hand,  
The huge portal to expand.

**XVIII.**

With beating heart, to the task he went ;  
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent  
 With bar of iron heaved amain,  
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like  
     rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,  
 That he moved the massy stone at length.  
 Would you had been there, to see  
 How the light broke forth so gloriously,  
 Streamed upward to the chancel roof,  
 And through the galleries far aloof !  
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :  
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light ;  
 And, issuing from the tomb,  
 Showed the monk's cowl, and visage pale,  
 Placed on the dark-brown warrior's mail,  
 And kissed his waving plume.

**XIX.**

Before their eyes the wizard lay,  
 As if he had not been dead a day.  
 His hoary beard in silver rolled,  
 He seemed some seventy winters old ;  
 The palmer's amice wrapped him round ;  
 With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
 Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :  
 His left hand held his book of might ;  
 A silver cross was in his right ;  
 The lamp was placed beside his knee :

High and majestic was his look,  
 At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
 And all unruffled was his face—  
 They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

## XX.

Often had William of Deloraine  
 Rode through the battle's bloody plain,  
 And trampled down the warriors slain;  
 And neither known remorse or awe ;  
 Yet now remorse and awe he owned ;  
 His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
 When this strange scene of death he saw.  
 Bewildered and unnerved, he stood,  
 And the priest <sup>of</sup> prayed fervently, and loud :  
 With eyes averted, prayed he,  
 He might not endure the sight to see,  
 Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

## XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had  
 prayed,  
 Thus unto Deloraine he said :—  
 " Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,  
 Or, warrior, we may dearly rue ;  
 For these, thou may'st not look upon,  
 Are gathering fast round the yawning stone !"  
 Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
*From the cold hand the mighty book,*  
*With iron clasped, and with iron bound :*  
*As tho't, as he took it, the dead-man frowned.*

night returned, in double gloom :  
the moon had gone down, and the stars  
were few ;  
as the knight and priest withdrew,  
wavering steps and dizzy brain,  
hardly might the postern gain.  
aid, as through the aisles they passed,  
heard strange noises on the blast ;  
through the cloister-galleries small,  
that at midheight thread the chancel wall,  
sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
voices unlike the voice of man ;  
the fiends kept holiday,  
these spells were brought to day.  
not tell how the truth may be ;  
the tale as 'twas said to me.



THE LAY OF THE *Canto 2.*

XXIV.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,  
and strove his hardihood to find :  
He was glad when he passed the tombstones  
gray,  
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;  
For the mystic book, to his bosom prest,  
Felt like a load upon his breast :  
and his joints, with nerves of iron twined,  
hook, like the aspen leaves in wind.  
Full fain was he when the dawn of day  
began to brighten Cheviot gray ;  
He joyed to see the cheerful light,  
and he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,  
The sun had brightened the Carter's\* side ;  
and soon beneath the rising day  
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.  
The wild birds told their warbling tale,  
And wakened every flower that blows ;  
and peeped forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose :  
and lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

\* mountain on the border of England, above  
rygh.

... awake,  
 ... her kirtle so hastily;  
 and the silken knots, which in hurry she  
 would make,  
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;  
 why does she stop, and look often around,  
 As she glides down the secret stair;  
 and why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,  
 As he rouses him up from his lair;  
 Al, though she passes the postern alone,  
 Is not the watchman's bugle blown?

### XXVII.

And ye steps in doubt and dread,  
 Her watchful mother hear her tread;  
 And ye caresses the rough blood-hound,  
 His voice should waken the castle round  
 Watchman's bugle

**THE LAY OF THE *Canto 2.***

l she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,  
it to her cheek a livelier red ;  
en the half sigh her swelling breast  
inst the silken riband prest ;  
en her blue eyes their secret told,  
ugh shaded by her locks of gold,—  
ere would you find the peerless fair  
th Margaret of Branksome might compare?

**XXIX.**

l now, fair dames, methinks I see  
l listen to my minstrelsy ;  
r waving locks ye backward throw,  
l sidelong bend your necks of snow :  
ween to hear a melting tale  
two true lovers in a dale ;  
d how the knight with tender fire,  
o paint his faithful passion strove ;  
ore, he might at her feet expire ;  
but never, never cease to love ;  
d how she blushed, and how she sighed,  
d, half consenting, half denied,  
d said that she would die a maid ;  
t, might the bloody feud be stayed,  
nry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
rgaret of Branksome's choice should be.

**XXX.**

s! fair dames, your hopes are vain!  
harp has lost the enchanting strain ;  
lightness would my age reprove :

lak, mossed o'er by eia,  
dwarf his courser held,  
his crested helm and spear.  
was scarce an earthly man,  
were true, that of him ran  
all the Border, far and near.  
when the baron a hunting rode,  
edsdale's glens, but rarely trod,  
voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"  
ennisball by raquet tost,  
of thirty feet and three,  
the gorse this elfin shape,  
like some dwarfish ape,  
ted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.  
stoun was some whit dismayed;  
at five good miles he rade,

**THE LAY OF THE** *Canto 2.*

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,  
But well Lord Cranstoun served he :  
And he of his service was full fain ;  
For once he had been ta'eu or slain,  
An' it had not been his ministry.  
I, between Home and Hermitage,  
Spoke of Lord Cranstoun's goblin page.

**XXXIII.**

For the baron went on pilgrimage,  
And took with him this elvish page,  
To Mary's chapel of the Lowes :  
For there, beside our Lady's lake,  
An offering he had sworn to make,  
And he would pay his vows.  
At the lady of Branksome gathered a band  
Of the best that would ride at her command ;  
The trysting place was Newark Lee.  
For at of Harden came thither amain,  
And thither came John of Thirlestaine,  
And thither came William of Derolaine ;  
They were three hundred spears and three.  
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,  
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.  
They came to saint Mary's lake ere day ;  
But the chapel was void, and the baron away.  
They burned the chapel for very rage,  
And cursed lord Cranstoun's goblin page.

**XXXIV.**

*Now, in Branksome's good green wood,  
Under the aged oak he stood,*

garet, through the hazel grove,  
the startled cushat dove:  
of the stirrup held and rein ;  
the knight on his steed amain,  
dering deep that morning's scene ;  
tward through the hawthorns green.

---

hus he poured the lengthened tale,  
strel's voice began to fail ;  
smiled the observant page,  
the withered hand of age  
crowned with mighty wine,  
d of Velez' scorched vine.  
l the silver cup on high,  
to the hidron filled his eye

44            THE LAY OF THE    Ca

The cordial nectar of the bowl  
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his  
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
Ere thus his tale again began.

*End of Canto Second.*

# ST MINSTREL.

---

## CANTO III.

---

### I.

Did I that my limbs were old ;  
I that my blood was cold,  
my kindly fire was fled,  
our withered heart was dead,  
that I might not sing of love ?  
Did I to the dearest theme,  
that warmed a Minstrel's dream,  
so false a recreant prove !



## III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
While, pondering deep the tender scene,  
He rode thro' Branksome's hawthorn green.  
But the page shouted wild and shrill,  
And scarce his helmet could he don,  
When downward from the shady hill  
A stately knight came pricking on.  
That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,  
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay ;  
His armour red with many a stain :  
He seemed in such a weary plight,  
As if he had ridden the livelong night ;  
For it was William of Deloraine.

## IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,  
When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
He marked the crane on the baron's crest ;  
For his ready spear was in his rest.  
Few were the words, and stern, and high,  
That marked the foeman's feudal hate ;  
For question fierce, and proud reply,  
Gave signal soon of dire debate.  
Their very coursers seemed to know  
That each was other's mortal foe ;  
And snorted fire, when wheeled around,  
*To give each knight his vantage ground.*

was to his ladye fair.  
raine nor sighed, nor prayed,  
nor ladye, called to aid ;  
op'd his head, and couch'd his spear,  
ed his steed to full career.  
ng of these champions proud,  
ce the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

the dint the Borderer lent?  
ly baron backwards bent ;  
wards to his horse's tail,  
lumes went scattering on the gale ;  
h ash spear, so stout and true,  
ousand flinders flew.  
ostoun's lance, of more avail,  
... .. the Borderer's mail.

## VII.

But when he reined his courser round,  
 And saw his foeman on the ground  
     Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,  
     And there beside the warrior stay,  
 And tend him in his doubtful state,  
 And lead him to Branksome castle-gate;  
 His noble mind was inly moved  
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.  
 "This shalt thou do without delay;  
 No longer here myself may stay:  
 Unless the swifter I speed away,  
 Short swift will be at my dying day."

## - VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;  
 The goblin-page behind abode:  
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood,  
 Though small his pleasure to do good.  
 As the corslet off he took,  
 The dwarf espied the mighty book!  
 Much he marvelled, a knight of pride,  
 Like a book-bosomed priest should ride:  
 He tho't not to search or stanch the wound,  
 Until the secret he had found.

## IX.

*The iron band, the iron clasp,  
 'esisted long the elfin grasp;*

cover o'er  
With the Borderer's curdled gore ;  
moment then the volume spread,  
and one short spell therein he read.  
had much of glamour\* might,  
ould make a ladye seem a knight,  
e cobwebs on a dungeon-wall,  
em tapestry in lordly hall ;  
utshell seem a gilded barge,  
heelingt seem a palace large,  
l youth-seem age, and age seem youth ;  
was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

had not read another spell,  
n on his cheek a buffet fell,  
erce, it stretched him

10                    **THE LAY OF THE**                    *Canto 3.*

He hid it underneath his cloak.—  
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;  
It was not given by man alive.

**XI.**

Unwillingly himself he addressed,  
To do his master's high behest:  
He lifted up the living corse,  
And laid it on the weary horse;  
He led him into Branksome hall,  
Before the beards of the warders all;  
And each did after swear and say,  
'There only passed a wain of hay.  
He took him to Lord David's tower,  
Even to the ladye's secret bower;  
And, but that stronger spells were spread,  
And the door might not be opened,  
He had laid him on her very bed.  
Whate'er he did of gramarye,\*  
Was always done maliciously;  
He flung the warrior on the ground,  
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

**XII.**

As he repassed the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport:  
He thought to train him to the wood;  
*For, at a word, be it understood,*  
*He was always for ill, and never for good.*  
*Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay*  
*ed him forth to the woods to play;*

\* Magic.

by o'er bank and fell,  
Until they came to a woodland brook  
The running stream dissolved the spell,  
And his old elvish shape he took,  
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,  
He had crippled the joints of the noble chil  
Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :  
But his awful mother he had in dread,  
And also his power was limited ;  
So he but scowled on the startled child,  
And darted through the forest wild ;  
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,  
And laughed, and shouted, " Lost! lost! lost!

#### XIV.

ill sore amazed at the

For aye the more he sought his way  
 The farther still he went astray,  
 Until he heard the mountains round  
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

## XV.

And bark! and bark! the deep-mouthed bark  
 Comes nigher still, and nigher;  
 Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,  
 His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
 And his red eye shot fire.  
 Soon as the wildered child saw lie,  
 He flew at him right furiously.  
 I ween you would have seen with joy  
 The bearing of the gallant boy,  
 When, worthy of his noble sire,  
 His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!  
 He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
 And held his little bat on high;  
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
 At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,  
 But still in act to spring;  
 When dashed an archer through the glade,  
 And when he saw the hound was stayed,  
 He drew his tough bowstring;  
 But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!  
 Ho! shoot not, Edward—'tis a boy!"

## XVI.

*The speaker issued from the wood,  
 And checked his fellow's surly mood,  
 And quieted the ban-dog's ire.*

nded bow.  
hair, shorn round and close,  
un-burned face  
sign, Saint George's cross,  
up did grace ;  
hung by his side,  
in baldric tied ;  
suction, sharp and clear,  
e throat of many a deer.

### XVII.

e of forest green,  
ntly to his knee ;  
t, of arrows keen  
sheaf bore he ;  
arce in breadth a span.



**bark ! and bark ! the deep-mourning bark  
comes nigher still, and nigher ;  
its on the path a dark blood-hound,  
tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
and his red eye shot fire.  
As the wildered child saw lie,  
he flew at him right furiouslie.  
When you would have seen with joy  
hearing of the gallant boy,  
when, worthy of his noble sire,  
his wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!  
He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
and held his little bat on high ;  
and fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
at cautious distance hoarsely bayed,  
but still in act to spring ;  
                  his voice was spoken through the glade.**

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close  
Set off his sun-burned face  
Old England's sign, Saint George's cross.  
His barret-cap did grace ;  
His bugle horn hung by his side,  
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;  
And his short faulchion, sharp and clear,  
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
Reached scantily to his knee ;  
And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
A furbished sheaf bore he ;  
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
No longer fence had he .

**THE LAY OF THE** *Canto 8.*  
broken lance in his bosom stood,  
was earthly steel and wood.

**XXIII.**

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;  
To make the gash be cleansed and bound ;  
No longer by his couch she stood ;  
She has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And saved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
When'er she turned in trance,  
Twisted, as if she galled his wound,  
Then to her maidens she did say,  
That he should be whole man and sound,  
Within the course of a night and day,  
Full long she toiled : for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

**XXIV.**

The evening fell,  
The air was calm,  
The stream was still,  
E'en the rude water  
Enjoyed and blessed the  
Far more fair Margaret loved  
The hour of silence and of rest.  
On the high turret sitting lone,  
She waked at times the lute's soft to

ve the western star.

**XXV.**

ar, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
lowly to her ken,  
ling broad its wavering light,  
ose tresses on the night?  
glare the western star?—  
eacon blaze of war!  
d she draw her tightened breath,  
e knew the fire of death!

**XXVI.**

· viewed it blazing strong,  
his war note loud and long,  
high and haughty sound,

## XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,  
 And issued forth his mandates loud,  
 "On Penchryst glows a bale\* of fire,  
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswir  
     Ride out, ride out,  
     The foe to scout !  
 Mount, mount, for Branksome, † every man  
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,  
     That ever are true and stout.—  
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;  
 For, when they see the blazing bale,  
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—  
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life !  
 And warn the warden of the strife.  
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

## XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,  
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,  
     While loud the harness rung,  
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,  
     The ready horsemen sprung ;

\* *Bale*, beacon-faggot.

† *Mount for Branksome* was the gathering word of  
*Scotts*.

g to the south to scout,  
st, and west, and north,  
their coming enemies,  
their vassals, and allies.

XXIX.

y page, with hurried hand,  
the need-fire's \*slumbering brand,  
reddy blushed the heaven :  
et of flame, from the turret high,  
ke a bloodflag on the sky,  
ing and uneven ;  
a score of fires, I ween,  
ight, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;  
th warlike tidings fraught ;  
om each the signal caught ;

Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;  
 And Lothian heard the regent's order,  
 That all should bowne\* them for the Bor

## XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
 The ceaseless sound of steel ;  
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,  
 Sent forth the larum peal ;  
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;  
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watchword from the sleepless ward  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

## XXXI.

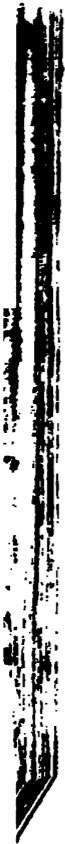
The noble dame, amid the broil,  
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;  
 Cheered the young knights, and council  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
 No tidings of the foe were brought,  
 Nor of his numbers knew they ought,  
 Nor in what time the truce he sought.  
*Some said, that there were thousands  
 And others weened that it was nought  
 But Leven-clans, or Tynedale men,*

\* *Bowne*, make ready.

---

heard the high sound—the listening through  
praise the Master of the Song ;  
wonder much, in helpless age,  
and should be his pilgrimage.  
He no friend, no daughter dear,  
wandering toil to share and cheer ;  
on, to be his father's stay,  
guide him on the rugged way?  
O! once he had—but he was dead !”  
On the harp he stooped his head,  
busied himself the strings withal,  
and the tear, that fain would fall.  
In even measure, soft and slow,  
in a father's notes of woe.





The page contains very faint and illegible text, likely due to extreme contrast or scanning quality. Some faint, scattered characters are visible, but they do not form any recognizable words or sentences.

# LAST MINSTREL

---

## CANTO IV.

---

### I.

VEET Teviot! on thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
longer steel-clad warriors ride  
long thy wild and willowed shore;  
ere'er thou wind'st by dale or hill  
all is peaceful, all is still,  
if thy waves, since time was born,  
first they tell

Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
 It still reflects to memory's eye  
 The hour, my brave, my only boy,  
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.  
 Why, when the volleying musket played  
 Against the bloody Highland blade,  
 Why was I not beside him laid!—  
 Enough—he died the death of fame;  
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

## III.

Now over border, dale and fell,  
 Full wide and far was terror spread;  
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
 The peasant left his lowly shed.  
 The frightened flocks and herds were pent  
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
 And maids and matrons dropped the tear,  
 While ready warriors seized the spear.  
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's  
 eye  
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
 Which, curling in the rising sun,  
 Shewed southern ravage was begun.

## IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—  
 “Prepare ye all for blows and blood!  
 Wat Tinninn, from the Liddle-side,  
 Comes wading through the flood.  
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
 t his lone gate, and prove the lock;

by my faith," the gate-ward said,  
"It 'twill prove a Warden-raid."\*

V.

Thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
In the echoing barbican.

A small and shaggy nag,  
Rough a bog, from hag to hag,†  
Sounded like any Bilhope stag.

His wife and children twain;  
Clothed serfþ was all their train:  
She, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,  
Her brooch and bracelet proud,  
Led to her friends among the crowd.  
Of stature passing tall,  
Herely formed, and lean withal:

## VI.

'Thus to the ladye did Tinliun show  
 The tidings of the English foe :—  
 " Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
 And hot lord Dacre, with many a spear,  
 And all the German hagbut-men,\*  
 Who long have lain at Askerten :  
 They crossed the Liddle at curfew hour,  
 And burned my little lonely tower ;  
 The fiend receive their souls therefor !  
 It had not been burned this year and more  
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,  
 Served to guide me on my flight ;  
 But I was chased the livelong night.  
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme  
 Fast upon my traces came,  
 Until I turned at Priesthaughscrogg,  
 And shot their horses in the bog,  
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—  
 I had him long at high despite :  
 He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

## VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,  
 Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale ;  
 As far as they could judge by ken,  
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand  
*Three thousand* armed Englishmen.  
 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,

\* Musketeers.

ightly held of his gay ladye.

### VIII.

int Mary's silver wave,  
ry Gamescleuch's dusky height,  
ices Thirlestane brave  
eneath a banner bright.  
d fleur-de-luce he claims  
s shield, since royal James,  
y Fala's mossy wave,  
istinction grateful gave,  
nid feudal jars ;  
ave Thirlestane alone,  
s stubborn barons noue  
rch to southern wars ;  
n fair remembrance worn,

High over Borthwick's mountain flood,  
 His wood-embosomed mansion stood ;  
 In the dark glen, so deep below,  
 The herds of plundered England low ;  
 His bold retainers' daily food,  
 And bought with danger; blows, and blood.  
 Marauding chief! his sole delight  
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;  
 Not even the flower of Yarrow's charms,  
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms ;  
 And still, in age, he spurned at rest,  
 And still his brows the helmet pressed,  
 Albeit the blanched locks below  
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :  
 Five stately warriors drew the sword  
     Before their father's hand ;  
 A braver knight than Harden's lord  
     Ne'er belted on a brand.

## K.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,  
     Came trooping down the Todshawhill ;  
 By the sword they won their land,  
     And by the sword they hold it still.  
 Hearken, ladye, to the tale,  
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—  
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,  
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.  
*The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,  
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and  
     rude ;*  
*High of heart, and haughty of word,  
 Little they recked of a tame liege lord.*

o me is my bonny white steed,  
helped me at pinch of need ;  
Earl though thou be, I trow,  
Bucksfoot better than thou."—  
word gave fuel to fire,  
ily blazed the Beattisons' ire,  
ie Earl the flight had ta'en,  
; there their lord had slain.  
ed both whip and spur,  
his steed through Eskdale Muir ;  
down a weary weight,  
threshold of Branksome gate.

## XI.

was a wrathful man to see,  
enged would he be.



A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
 Down he flung him the purse of gold ;  
 To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,  
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.  
 He left his merry men in the midst of the hill,  
 And bade them hold them close and still ;  
 And alone he wended to the plain,  
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train.  
 To Gilbert the Galliard, thus he said :—  
 “ Know thou me for thy liege lord and head :  
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.  
 Give me in peace my heriot due,  
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.  
 If my horn I three times wind,  
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.”

## XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;—  
 “ Little care we for thy winded horn.  
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,  
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.  
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,  
 With rusty spur and miry boot.”—  
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,  
 That the dun deer started at far Craikcross ;  
 He blew again so loud and clear,  
 Through the gray mountain mist there did  
*lances appear,*  
*And the third blast rang with such a din,*  
*That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn ;*  
*And all his riders came lightly in.*

the Beattisons' blood mixed with the

lliard's Haugh, men call it still.

tt's have scattered the Beattison clan,

dale they left but one landed man.

lley of Eske, from the month to the

nce,

t and won for that bonny white horse.

### XIII.

de the Hawk, and Headshaw came,

rriors more than I may name;

arrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swair,

Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,

d man and horse, and bow and spear ;

r gathering word was Bellenden.

72            **THE LAY OF THE**      *Canto 4.*

The red cross, on a southern breast,  
Is broader than the raven's nest :  
Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon  
to wield,  
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

**XIV.**

Well may you think, the wily page  
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
He counterfeited childish fear,  
And shrieked and shed full many a tear,  
And moaned and plained in manner wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,  
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
That wont to be so free and bold.

Then wrathful was the noble dame ;  
She blushed blood-red for very shame :—

“ Hence ; ere the clan his faintness view ;  
Hence with the weakling to Buccleugh!—

Wat Tinnin thou shalt be his guide  
To Rangleburn's lonely side—

Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
That coward should e'er be son of mine!”

**XV.**

A heavy task Wat Tinnin had,  
To guide the counterfeited lad.

Soon as the palfrey felt the weight  
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,

*He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,*

*Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.*

*It cost Wat Tinnin mickle toil*

*To drive him but a Scottish mule ;*

u a cloot-yard shatt  
n startled Timlinn's yew,  
his shoulder thro' and thro'.  
imp might not be slain,  
he wound soon healed again,  
o, he yelled for pain ;  
Timlinn, much aghast,  
o Branksome fiery fast.

### XVI.

hill's steep verge he stood,  
o'er Branksome's towers and

murmurs, from below,  
ie approaching southern foe.  
lark wood, in mingled tone,  
vines and bushes blown -

around, in close array, and fast,  
The Kendal archers, all in green,  
Obedient to the bugle blast,  
Advancing from the wood are seen  
To back and guard the archer band  
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand  
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,  
With kirtles white, and crosses red,  
Arrayed beneath the banner tall,  
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered  
And minstrels, as they marched in  
Played, "Noble lord Dacre, he d  
the Border."

### XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,  
The mercenaries firm and slow

louder still the clamour grew,  
louder still the minstrels blew,  
and from beneath the greenwood tree,  
forth lord Howard's Chivalry ;  
men at arms, with glaive and spear,  
ought up the battle's glittering rear.  
How many a youthful knight, full keen  
in his spurs, in arms was seen ;  
favour in his crest, or glove,  
emblem of his ladye-love.  
And they forth in fair array,  
in all their lengthened lines display ;  
then called a halt, and made a stand,  
and cried, " Saint George, for merry Eng-  
land !"

Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XVI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread  
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;  
Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance  
And, high curvetting, slow advance :  
In sign of truce, his better hand  
Displayed a peeled willow wand ;  
His squire, attending in the rear,  
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.  
When they espied him riding out,  
Lord Howard and lord Dacre stout  
Rode to the front of their array,

ny : but we is right in winning,  
rm your hearths in Cumberland."

### XXIII.

ful man was Dacre's lord,  
ner Howard took the word:—  
please thy dame, sir Seneschal,  
the castle's outward wall,  
suisant-at-arms shall show,  
y we came, and when we go."—  
ssage sped, the noble dame  
wall's outward circle came ;  
icf around leaned on his spear,  
he pursuisant appear.  
rd Howard's livery dressed,  
argent decked his breast ;  
a bow of blooming hue—



And ill besrems your rank and birth  
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.\*  
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
 That he may suffer march-treason pain:†  
 It was but last Saint Cuthbert's even  
 He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,  
 Harried‡ the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.  
 Then, since a lone and widowed dame  
 These restless riders may not tame,  
 Either receive within thy towers  
 Two hundred of my master's powers,  
 Or straight they sound their warri-on,  
 And storm and spoil thy garrison;  
 And this fair boy, to London led,  
 Shall good king Edward's page be bred."

## XXV.

He ceased;—and loud the boy did cry,  
 And stretched his little arms on high;  
 Implored for aid each well known face,  
 And strove to seek the dame's embrace.  
 A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,  
 Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;  
 She gazed upon the leaders round,  
 And dark and sad each warrior frowned:  
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast  
 She locked the struggling sigh to rest;  
*Uualtered and collected stood,*  
*And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—*

\* *An asylum for outlaws.*  
 † *Plundered.*

† *Border treason*  
 § *Note of assau*

William of Deloraine  
Will cleanse him, by oath, of mar  
stain,

Or else he will the combat take  
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sa  
No knight in Cumberland so good,  
But William may count with him h  
blood.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword  
When English blood swelled Ancram fo  
And but that lord Dacre's steed was wi  
And bare him ably in the flight,  
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.  
For the young heir of Branksome's line,  
God be his aid, and God be mine ;  
Through me no friend shall meet  
Here, while I live

And drew the bow-string to his ear ;  
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown :—  
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,  
A horseman galloped from the rear.

### XXVIII.

“ Ah! noble lords!” he, breathless, said,  
“ What treason has your march betrayed?  
What make you here, from aid so far,  
Before you walls, around you war?  
Your foemen triumph in the thought,  
That in the toils the lion's caught.  
Already on dark Ruberslaw  
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ;\*  
The lances, waving in his train,  
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;  
\* The Douglas's northern strand

...mastering of the coming foe." 877, 10 51

**XXIX.**

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre  
"For soon you crest, my father's pride  
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,  
And waved in gales of Galilee,  
From Branksome's highest towers displ  
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—  
Level each arquebuss on row;  
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;  
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,  
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

**XXX.**

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear  
Nor deem my words the..."

**IN could the haughty Duke brook  
His brother-warden's sage rebuke :  
And yet his forward step he stayed,  
And slow and sullenly obeyed.  
But ne'er again the Borderside  
Did these two lords in friendship ride ;  
And this slight discontent, men say,  
Cost blood upon another day.**

**XXXII.**

**The pursuivant-at-arms again  
Before the castle took his stand ;  
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,  
The leaders of the Scottish band ;  
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,  
Stout Deloraine to single fight ;  
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,**

though their hearts were brave and true  
in Jedwood's recent sack they knew,  
how tardy was the regent's aid :  
if you may guess the noble dame  
must not the secret prescience own,  
knowing from the art she might not name,  
by which the coming help was known.  
It was the compact, and agreed  
that lists should be inclosed with speed,  
beneath the castle, on a lawn :  
and fixed the morrow for the strife,  
foot, with Scottish axe and knife,  
at the fourth hour from peep of dawn :  
and Deloraine, from sickness freed,  
to see a champion in his stead,  
would for himself and chieftain stand

In guise which now I say ;  
 He knew each ordinance and clause  
 Of black lord Archibald's battle laws,  
 In the old Douglas' day.  
 He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue  
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,  
 Or call his song untrue :  
 For this, when they the goblet plied,  
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,  
 The bard of Reull he slew.  
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,  
 And tuneful hands were stained with blood ;  
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,  
 That dragged my master to his tomb ;  
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,  
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,  
 And wrung their hands for love of him,  
 Who died at Jedwood Air ?  
 He died !—His scholars, one by one,  
 To the cold silent grave are gone ;  
 And I, alas ! survive alone,  
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
 And grieve that I shall hear no more  
 The strains, with envy heard before ;  
*For, with my minstrel brethren fled,  
 My jealousy of song is dead.*

— word of kindly cheer,—  
in pity half, and half sincere,—  
Marvelled the Dutchess how so well  
His legendary song could tell,—  
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;  
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;  
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;  
Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;  
Of manners, long since changed and gone  
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone  
So long had slept, that fickle Fame  
Had blotted from her rolls their name,  
And twined round some new minion's head  
The fading wreath for which they bled ;  
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse  
Would call them from their marble bed  
The Harper smiled





# LAST MINSTREL.

---

## CANTO V.

---

### I.

**CALL** it not vain:—they do not err,  
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And echo in the

And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.  
The phantom knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle plain :  
The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die :  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the rill ;  
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

## III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,  
The terms of truce were scarcely made,  
When they could spy, from Branksome's  
towers,  
The advancing march of martial powers ;  
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,  
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;  
Bright spears, above the columns dun,  
Glanced momentary to the sun ;  
And feudal banners fair displayed  
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid

Moody Heart blazed in the van,  
announcing Douglas, dreaded name!  
As not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
were the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
their men in battle-order set;

Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
that tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
of Clarence's Plantagenet.

list I say what hundreds more,  
on the rich Merse and Lanmermore,  
Tweed's fair borders, to the war,  
with the crest of Old Dunbar,  
and Hepburn's mingled banners come,  
on the steep mountain glittering far,  
and shouting still, "a Home! a Home!"

**THE LAY OF THE** *Canto 5.*

rough the latticed windows tall  
y Branksome's lordly hall,  
d square by shafts of stone,  
flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
ess the gilded rafters rang  
merry harp, and beakers' clang ;  
frequent, on the darkening plain,  
ud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
ands, their stragglers to regain,  
ive the shrill watch-word of their clan :  
l revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim  
uglas or Dacre's conquering name.

**IX.**

ss frequent heard, and fainter still,  
At length the various clamours died ;  
nd you might hear, from Branksome hill,  
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;  
ave, when the changing centinel  
The challenge of his watch could tell ;  
And save, where, through the dark profound,  
The clanging axe and hammer's sound  
Rung from the nether lawn ;  
For many a busy hand toiled there,  
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,  
The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
Against the morrow's dawn.

**X.**

*Margaret from hall did soon retreat,  
Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;  
For marked she, as she left her seat,  
Full many a stifled sigh ;*

ed  
r i  
w  
Ar  
With  
all in  
In  
By t  
Whil  
St  
Of a  
First

She  
V  
Wt  
N

;

This to his lord he did impart  
And made him seem, by glances,  
A knight from Hermitage.

Unchallenged, thus, the ward  
The court, unchallenged, thus  
For all the vassalage :

But, O! what magic's quaint  
Could blind fair Margaret's eyes  
She started from her seat ;

While with surprise and fear  
And both could scarcely master  
Lord Henry's at her feet.

### XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose  
That foul malicious urchin had  
To bring this meeting round  
For happy love's a heavenly sign  
And by a vile malignant

With dead desire it doth not die ;  
The secret sympathy,  
Silver-link, the silken tie,  
In heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
Body and in soul can bind —  
Leave we Margaret and her Knight,  
All you of the approaching fight.

#### XIV.

The warning blast the bugles blew,  
The pipe's shrill port\* aroused each clan  
To see, the deadly strife to view,  
The trooping warriors eager ran:  
In rank round the lists their lances stood,  
The blasted pines in Ettricke wood;  
Franksome many a look they threw,



Strong, as it seemed, and free  
In armour sheathed from top  
Appeared, and craved the cor  
The Dame her charm successfu  
And the fierce chiefs their claim

## XVI.

When for the lists they sought t  
The stately Lady's silken rein  
Did noble Howard hold ;  
Unarmed by her side he walke  
And much, in courteous phrase,  
Of feats of arms of old.  
Costly his garb—his Flemish ru  
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of  
With satin clothed

as her wimple, and her veil,  
rose locks a chaplet pale  
rest roses bound ;  
Angus, by her side,  
y to cheer her tried ;  
his aid, her hand in vain  
to guide her broidered rein.  
d, she shuddered at the sight  
rs met for mortal fight ;  
of terror, all ungnessed,  
ring in her gentle breast,  
eir chairs of crimson placed,  
and she the barriers graced.

### XVIII.

re field, the young Buccleuch,

## XIX.

### ENGLISH HERALD.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave  
Good knight and true, and freely he  
Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
For foul despiteous scathe and sco  
He sayeth, that William of Delorain  
Is traitor false by Border laws ;  
'This with his sword he will maintain,  
So help him God, and his good cau

## XX.

### SCOTTISH HERALD.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,  
Good knight and true, of noble strain  
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,  
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his cos

— the sound and trumpet clang  
Let loose the martial foes,  
And in mid list, with shield poised high  
And measured step and wary eye,  
The combatants did close.

## XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
How to the axe the helms did sound,  
And blood poured down from many a wound  
For desperate was the strife and long,  
And either warrior fierce and strong.  
But, were each dame a listening knight  
I well could tell how warriors fight ;  
For I have seen war's lightning flashing  
Seen the claymore with banneret clash:

and smooth his path from earth

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped ;—  
His naked foot was dyed with  
As through the lists he ran ;  
Unmindful of the shouts on high  
That hailed the conqueror's vict  
He raised the dying man ;  
Loose waved his silver beard an  
As o'er him he kneeled down in  
And still the crucifix on high  
He holds before his darkening ey  
And still he bends an anxious ear,  
His faltering penitence to hear ;  
Still props him from the bloody  
Still even wh

g the scottish bands ;  
amid the thronged array,  
: haste gave open way  
f-naked ghastly man,  
vnward from the castle ran :  
ed the barriers at a bound,  
ild and haggard looked around,  
lizzy, and in pain ;  
, upon the armed ground,  
w William of Deloraine !  
ve sprung from seat with speed ;  
each marshal from his steed ;  
who art thou," they cried,  
st this battle fought and won ?"  
:d helm was soon undone—  
toun of Teviot-side !  
in price The C

XXVI.

She looked to river, looked t  
Thought on the Spirit's pro  
Then broke her silence stern:  
" Not you, but Fate, has va  
Their influence kindly stars r  
On Teviot's tide and Brankso  
For pride is quelled, and lov  
She took fair Margaret by the  
Who, breathless, trembling  
That hand to Cranstoun's lo  
" As I am true to thee and thi  
Do thou be true to me and mi  
This clasp of love our bond  
For this is your betrothing d

not the Ladye to betray  
 mystic arts in view of day ;  
 tell she thought, ere midnight came,  
 that strange Page the pride to tame,  
 his foul hands the Book to save,  
 send it back to Michael's grave.—  
 do not to tell each tender word  
 that Margaret and twixt Cranstoun's lord :  
 how she told of former woes,  
 how her bosom fell and rose,  
 how he and Musgrave bandied blows.—  
 do not these lovers' joys to tell ;  
 day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

### XXVIII.

O' the name of Deloraine, some chance  
 shall bring him from his deathlike trance ;



Though rude, and scant of coin  
In raids he spilt but seldom blood  
Unless when men at arms withstood  
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.  
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart  
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe  
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now

When on dead Musgrave he looked  
Grief darkened on his rugged brow

Though half disguised with a frown  
And thus, while sorrow bent his head  
His foeman's epitaph he made.

### XXIX.

“ Now, Richard Musgrave, liest  
I ween, my deadly enemy ;

DESE --  
as we looked behind,  
on the chase couldst wind,  
A blood-hound on his way,  
bngle rouse the fray!  
nds of Deloraine,  
ave were alive again."—

### XXX.

he, till Lord Dacre's band  
ing back to Cumberland.  
d brave Musgrave from the field,  
m on his bloody shield;  
d lances, four and four,  
the noble burden bore.  
t times, upon the gale,  
d the Minstrel's plaintive wail;

ow meets, and now eludes the ear ;  
ow seems some mountain side to sweep,  
ow faintly dies in valley deep ;  
seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,  
low the sad requiem, loads the gale ;  
ast, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
lung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,  
Why he, who touched the harp so well,  
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,  
Vander a poor and thankless soil,  
When the more generous southern land  
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er  
His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
Liked not to hear it ranked so high

# LAST MINSTREL.

---

## CANTO VI.

---

### I.

WATHES there the man, with soul so  
ad,  
ever to himself hath said,  
is my own, my native land!  
heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
ne his footsteps he hath turned,  
wandering on a foreign strand!  
there breathe, go. mark him well.

... my rugged wood,  
of the mountain and the flood,  
of my sires! what mortal hand  
'er untie the filial band,  
knits me to thy rugged strand!  
as I view each well-known scene,  
what is now, and what hath been,  
as, to me, of all bereft,  
friends thy woods and streams were left  
thus I love them better still,  
in extremity of ill.  
row's stream still let me stray,  
h none should guide my feeble way;  
el the breeze down Ettricke break,  
gh it chill my withered cheek;  
y my head by Teviot's stone,  
there, forgotten and alone

#### IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare  
The splendour of the spousal rite,  
How mustered in the chapel fair  
Both maid and matron, squire and kn  
Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
And kirtles furred with miniver;  
What plumage waved the altar round,  
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound  
And hard it were for bard to speak  
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek  
That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
As awe and shame alternate rise.

Guarded with gold, with emerald uned  
A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

## VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty arched hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshalled the rank of every guest ;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share :  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave  
And sumptuous from St. Martin's were :

deaux, Orleans, or the  
the busy sewers ply,  
mirth and revelry.

## VII.

lin Page, omitting still  
tunity of ill,  
ow, while blood ran hot and high,  
debate and jealousy;  
rad, lord of Wolfenstein,  
re fierce, and warm with wine,  
w in humour highly crossed,  
ome steeds his band had lost,  
ords to words succeeding still,  
with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;  
id hardy Rutherford,  
Draw-the-Sword.



The dwarf, who feared his master's eye  
Might his foul treachery espie,  
Now sought the castle buttery,  
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,  
Revelled as merrily and well  
As those that sat in lordly selle.  
Wat Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise  
'The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Bracs ;  
And he, as by his breeding bound,  
'To Howard's merry-men sent it round.  
'To quit them, on the English side,  
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,  
" A deep carouse to yon fair bride !"  
At every pledge, from vat and pail,  
Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown a  
While shout the riders every one.

to his knee sly creeping on,  
bodkin pierced him to the bone :  
venomed wound, and festering joint,  
after rued that bodkin's point.  
startled yeoman swore and spurned,  
board and flaggons overturned.  
and clamour wild began ;  
to the hall the Urchin ran ;  
in a darkling nook his post,  
grinned, and muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!"

### X.

his, the Dame, lest further fray  
old mar the concord of the day,  
bid the Minstrels tune their lay.  
first stept forth old Albert Grame,

For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithly they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though Love was still the lord of all

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle  
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and le  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle  
And he swore her death, ere he would  
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,  
for their souls who died for love,  
or Love shall still be lord of all!

### XIII.

And Albert's simple lay,  
rose a bard of loftier port;  
sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,  
renowned in haughty Henry's court:  
were hung thy harp, unrivalled long,  
straver of the silver song!  
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—  
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?  
His was the hero's soul of fire,  
And his the bard's immortal name,  
and his was love, exalted high

When Surrey, of the deathless lay  
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence sl  
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,  
His harp called wrath and venge  
He left, for Naworth's iron tower  
Windsor's green glades, and court  
And, faithful to his patron's name  
With Howard still Fitztraver ca  
Lord William's foremost favourit  
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

## XVI.

### FITZTRAYER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's  
high :  
He heard the midnight-bell w  
start,

that before a mirror, ~~---~~  
ballowed taper shed a glimmering light  
mystic implements of magic might;  
a cross, on character, and talisman,  
almagest, and altar, nothing bright;  
or fitful was the lustre, pale and wan  
patch-light by the bed of some departing  
man.

### XVIII.

soon, within that mirror huge and high  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;  
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy  
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream  
Slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly and a lofty room,  
Lighted by a lamp with silver beam,

Some strain that seemed her mind  
find :—

That favoured strain was Surrey  
line,

That fair and lovely form, the Lady

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the land

And swept the goodly vision and

So royal envy rolled the murky

O'er my beloved Master's glory

'Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! He

On thee, and on thy children's

'The wild caprice of thy despotic

The gory bridal bed, the plunde

'The murdered Surrey's blood, th

oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,  
him Odin rode her wave ;  
stretched, the whilst, with visage pale,  
throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;  
of wonderful and wild  
picture for the lonely child.

## XXII.

rich of wild and wonderful  
the rude isles might Fancy cull ;  
they came, in times afar,  
Lochlin's sons of roving war,  
warriors, trained to spoil and blood,  
to prepare the raven's food ;  
of the main their leaders brave,  
marks the dragons of the wave.



And bade the dead arise to arms!  
With war and wonder all on flame,  
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came  
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood  
He learned a milder minstrelsy;  
Yet something of the northern spell  
Mixed with the softer numbers well

### XXIII.

#### HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell:  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ — — — — — ”

is not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
That night at Roslin leads the ball,  
That my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

It is not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
That my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."—

Over Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
It was broader than the watch fire light,  
And redder than the bright moon-bearing

Roslin's castled rock,

So still they blaze, when rate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's baron  
Lae buried within that proud clae  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabell

And each St. Clair was buried ther  
With candle, with book, and wit  
But the sea-caves rung, and the w  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

#### XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
Scarce marked the guests the dark  
Though long before the sinking day

h of lightning came ;  
d, so bright, so red the glare,  
astle seemed on flame.  
d every rafter of the hall,  
d every shield upon the wall,  
'ophied beam, each sculptured stone,  
nstant seen, and instant gone ;  
rough the guests' bedazzled band  
ess flashed the levin-brand,  
lled the hall with smouldering smoke,  
the elvish Page it broke.  
ke, with thunder long and loud,  
yed the brave, appalled the proud,—  
m sea to sea the larm rung :  
erwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,  
arms the startled warders sprung.

The guests in silence prayed and shook,  
 And terror dimmed each lofty look.  
 But none of all the astonished train  
 Was so dismayed as Deloraine ;  
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
 'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return ;  
     For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
     Like him, of whom the story ran,  
     Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.\*  
 At length, by fits, he darkly told,  
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—  
     That he had seen, right certainly,  
*A shape with amice wrapped around,*  
*With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,*  
     *Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;*  
 And knew—but how it mattered not—  
 It was the wizard Michael Scott.

## XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,  
 All trembling, heard the wondrous tale ;  
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,  
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;  
     And he a solemn sacred plight  
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,  
 That he a pilgrimage would take  
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake  
     Of Michael's restless sprite.  
*Then each, to ease his troubled breast,*  
*To some blessed saint his prayers addressed ;*

\* The Isle of Man.—See Note.

ne such pilgrimage would take,  
lunks should sing, and bells should tol  
the weal of Michael's soul.  
rows were ta'en, and prayers wer  
ayed,  
d the noble Dame, dismayed,  
ced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

### XXVIII.

of the bridal will I tell,  
fter in short space befel;  
r brave sons and daughters fair  
Leviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir:  
ch dreadful scene, 'twere vain  
e the note of mirth again.  
eet it were to mark the day

And were they buried there !  
Above the suppliant chieftains w;  
The banners of departed brave ;  
Beneath the lettered stones wer  
The ashes of their fathers dead ;  
From many a garnished niche ar  
Stern saints, and tortured martyrs

### XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
With sable cowl and scapular,  
And snow white stoles, in order  
The holy Fathers, two and two,  
In long procession came ;  
Taper, and host, and book they l  
And holy banner, flourished fair

With the Redeemer's sign

**LUM IN FAVILLA ;  
ling organ rung ;  
t with secret strain  
lay, so light and vain,  
fathers sung.**

**XXXI.**

**FOR THE DEAD.**

**wrath, that dreadful day,  
and earth shall pass away,  
shall be the sinner's stay?  
meet that dreadful day?  
ling like a parched scroll,  
heavens together roll ;  
yet, and yet more dread,  
gh trump that wakes the dead !**



No :—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower ;  
A simple hut ; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.  
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days :  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begged before.  
So passed the winter's day ; but still,  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;  
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,  
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke !  
Then would he sing achievements high,  
And circumstance of chivalry,  
Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
Forgetful of the closing day ;  
And noble youths, the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;  
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

*End of the Lay.*

---

## TO CANTO FIRST.

---

### NOTE I.

*was over in Branksome tower.—P. 11.*

of James I. Sir William Scott of Buccleugh, of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, as Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdie-arkshire, for one half of the barony of Branxholm,\* lying upon the Teviot, miles above Hawick. He was probably in-teracted from the vicinity of Branksome tower, the domain which he possessed in Ettrick

he enjoyed the barony of Eekford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Mardiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanché for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone,

the arms of Douglas,  
Margaret Douglas his spouse completit the  
October 1576." Over an arched door is  
following moral verse:—  
: nature hes vrought yat sal lest ay,  
al, keip veil ye rod, thy same sal nocht

of Bronxholm Knight, Margaret Doug-  
71.

Castle continued to be the principal seat  
of the family, while security was any object  
of a mansion. It has since been the resi-  
dence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the fa-  
mily. The various alterations which the building  
has undergone; it is not only greatly restricted in its dis-  
tensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we  
except a square tower of massy thickness, the only  
original building which now remains. The  
present handsome modern residence, lately inha-  
bited by a deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of  
the Commission of his Grace the Duke

## NOTE II.

*Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.—P. 12.*

The ancient barons of Buceleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of Gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry,

No baron was better served in Britain ;  
The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,  
Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,  
All being of his name and kin ;  
Each two had a servant to wait upon them ;  
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,  
The bells rung and the trumpets sowned ;  
And more than that, I do confess,  
They kept four and twenty pensioners.  
Think not I lie, nor do me blame,  
For the pensioners I can all name :  
There's men alive, elder than I,  
They know if I speak truth, or lie ;  
Every pensioner a room\* did gain,  
For service done and to be done ;  
This I'll let the reader understand,  
The name both of the men and land,  
Which they possessed, it is of truth,  
Both from the lairds and lords of Buckleugh.

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buceleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, " These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Glad-

\* Room, portion of land

fourteen thousand men  
story of the name of Scott, p. 45. An i  
these times.

### NOTE III.

*And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow.—*

“Of a truth,” says Froissart, “the Scotts  
ast great skill with the bow, but rather  
th which, in time of need, they give heavy  
e Jedwood axe was a sort of partizan, used  
n, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, w  
valier mounted, and armed with this weap  
called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

### NOTE IV.

*watch against Southern force and guile,  
t Scroope, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
eaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.*

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to  
of the English, both from its situation  
military disposition.

syred licence of me to invade the realme of Sco  
 for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, they thought best exploit by theyme might be  
 and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitu  
 Northumberland, suche as was towards me acco  
 to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discrecions v  
 the same they shulde thinke most convenient ; a  
 they dyd meet vppon Monday, before nyght, bein  
 iiii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, i  
 northe Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they  
 to the number of xv c men, and so invadet Scotla  
 the hour of viii of the elok at nyght, at a place  
 Whole Causay ; and before xi of the elok dyd  
 forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddiall and lai  
 the resydewe in a bushment, and actively dyd set  
 a towne called Branxholm, where the lord of Buc  
 dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a tray  
 hym lyke to his accustomed manner, inrysinge  
 frayes ; albeit that knyght he was not at home  
 soo they brynt the said Branxholm, and other to  
 as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Wh  
 and laid ordered theymeself, soo that sundry  
 said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue four  
 his gates was takyn prisoners. They dyd not let  
 house, one stak of corne nor one shyff, without th  
 of the said Lord Buclough vnbrynt ; and thus ser  
 ed and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough  
 within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the  
 ment ; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd th  
 rey and the bushment mete, and reculed home  
 making theyr way westward from theyre invasion  
 over Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray frome t  
 furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or othe rwyse by  
 yng, shulde haue bene gyve : to Gedworth and the  
 troy of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invs  
*whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi  
 that thereby the Scots shulde haue comen furthe  
 theyme, and more owte of ordre ; and soo upon  
 good consideracions, before they entered Lydd  
 as well accompting the inhabitants of the same*

any Inglysmen vnto theyme, and soo in ge  
wte the howre of ten of the elok before non  
ewisday, dyd pas through the said Lydder  
lyd come diuers of the said inhabitants the  
vauntes, under the said assurance, off  
selfs with any service they couthe make ;  
anks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, ab  
re of xii of the elok at none the sam . daye, c  
s youre highness realme, bringing wt the  
l Scottsmen prisoners, one of th-ymc na  
the surname and kyn of the said Lord of  
and of his howsehold ; they brought also  
nd above lx horse and man-s. kep-ing in sav  
sse or hurte, all your said highnes subje  
as alsoo a towne called Newbiggias, by diue  
f Tyndaill and Rydderodail, takyn vp of  
d spoykd, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of  
e, and many Scotts there hurte ; your hi  
cts was xiii myles within the ground of Se  
l is frome my house at Werkworthe at -



diligent service of my pore servant Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f..... annoyasnce of your highnes enemys." In resentment of this foray, Buceleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—*Pinkerton's History*, Vol. II. p. 318.

## NOTE V.

*Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell.*—P. 13.

Sir Walter Scott of Buceleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron and warden of the west marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, "The Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the king (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeas'd, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way; And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the laird of Buceleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the king's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the laird of Buceleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the

returned out of Jedburgh, and  
was to remain there all that night.

“ But when the Lord Hume, Cessford  
first (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr) took  
the king, and returned home, then appear  
of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with  
arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the  
condition, and therefore came stoutly forward  
side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of  
George Douglas his brother, and sundry o  
friends, seeing this army coming, they mar  
the matter meant; while at the last they kne  
of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the  
Annandale. With him they were less affeared  
them manfully to the field contrary them, a  
the king in this manner, ‘ Sir, you is Buccle  
thieves of Anandale with him, to unbeset yo  
from the gate (*i. e.* interrupt your passage.)  
God they shall either fight or flee; and ye sh  
here on this know. and my brother George  
with any other company you please; and I  
and put you thieves off the ground, and ric  
unto your grace, or else die for it.’ The ki  
still as was devised . . . . .”

DO frequently purchased his lands of BRANKSOME. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murkstone, in exchange for that which was subject to such greivous inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanché or the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the ven-

the arms of Douglas, with  
Margaret Douglas his spouse completit the  
October 1576." Over an arched door is  
following moral verse:—  
A nature hes vrought yat sal lest ay,  
God, keip veil ye rod, thy same sal nocht

of Bronxholm Knight, Margaret Doug-  
571.

Castle continued to be the principal seat  
of such family, while security was any object  
of a mansion. It has since been the resi-  
dence of Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the Exchequer,  
the various alterations which the building  
has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dis-  
tance, it retains little of the castellated form, if we  
square tower of massy thickness, the only  
original building which now remains. The  
present is a handsome modern residence, lately inha-  
bited by a deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of  
Aberdeen, Commissioner of His Grace the Duke  
of Albany.

Some of the ancient edifice can still be traced by  
its foundation, and its strength is obvi-

## NOTE VI.

*No! vainly to each holy shrine,  
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew.—P. 14.*

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed, in 1539, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III. had taken the town of Ryoll, in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was bishop of Cambrai. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryoll, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset, and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of

... that their influence extended from t  
**Preston-Grange**, in **Lothian**, to the limits  
**Cessford Castle**, the ancient baronial resid  
family, is situated near the village of **Morr-**  
in two or three miles of the **Cheviot Hills**—  
a place of great strength and consequence,  
ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was f  
**Halbert**, or **Habby Kerr**, a gigantic warrior,  
whom many stories are current in **Roxburgh**:  
**Duke of Roxburghe** represents **Ker of Cessfo**  
tinct and powerful branch of the same nam  
**Marquis of Lothian** as their chief: Hence t  
tion betwixt **Kers of Cessford** and **Fairniehurst**

#### NOTE VIII.

*Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed—1*

The **Cranstouns**, **Lord Cranstoun**, are an an  
der family, whose chief seat was at **Crailing**, i  
dale. They were at this time at feud with th  
**Scott**; for it appears that the lady of **Bucc**  
**1557**, beset the laird of **Cranstoun**, seeking his l  
vertbeless, the same **Cranstoun**, or perhaps his  
married to a daughter of the same

this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation, of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accus's of Darnley's murder " the Erle Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, wha was principal deviser of the murder ; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasioun of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch."

#### NOTE X.

*He learned the art, that none may name,  
In Padua, far beyond the sea.—P. 15.*

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of Necromancy. The Earl

... informs us, that Simon Magus  
 shadow to go before him, making people believe  
 an attendant spirit.—*Heywood's Hierarchy*,  
 vulgar conceive, that when a class of students  
 made a certain progress in their mystic studies  
 are obliged to run through a subterraneous passage,  
 the devil literally catches the hindmost in the  
 less he crosses the hall so speedily, that the ar-  
 can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter  
 person of the sage never after throws any shadow  
 those, who have thus *lost their shadow*, always  
 best magicians.

#### NOTE XII.

*The viewless forms of air*.—P. 16.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very  
 and notion of their attributes, believe in the exist-  
 an intermediate class of spirits residing in the air  
 the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods,  
 and all such phenomena as their own philosophy  
 it readily explain. They are supposed to inter-  
 e affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent  
 se, and sometimes with



ancient church of Old Deer, in A small hill called Bissau, they were: the work was impeded by supernatural length, the Spirit of the River was

It is not here, it is not here  
That ye shall build the church  
But on Taptillery,

Where many a corpse shall  
The scite of the edifice was accordi  
Taptillery, an eminence at some  
place where the building had been  
*farlane's MSS.* I mention these for  
the introduction of the River and M  
not, at first sight, seem to accord wi  
of the romance, and the superstition  
where the scene is laid.

NOTE XIII.

*A fancied mass-trooper, &*

increase. When England and Scotland  
ed in Great-Britain, they that formerly lived  
incursions, betook themselves to the robbing  
neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade  
fathers' copy. They, are like to Job, not in  
patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; as  
having flocks and herds in the morning, none  
and perchance many again next day. They  
for their mottoe, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from  
honest neighbours what they sometimes require:  
are a nest of hornets: strike one, and stir all  
about your ears. Indeed; if they promise to  
conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the  
of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him  
beth into their quarters!

3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to  
ousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase  
security by paying a constant rent to them  
in their greatest height, they had two great  
—the *Laws of the Land*, and the  
*of Normandy*

used ; and especially the lairds of Cessford and Fair-  
hirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the  
lord of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by  
Elliot, who was then servant to the laird of Buc-  
leuch. But when the laird of Cessford was slain, the  
pursue ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with  
great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he  
had saved him from that chance, and passed with the king  
to Melross, where they remained all that night. On  
the next morn they passed to Edinburgh with the king, who  
was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the laird  
of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen  
slain by the laird of Buccleuch, containing the number  
four-score and fifteen, which died in defence of the  
king, and at the command of his writing."

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in  
poetry the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazard-  
ous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a  
Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses :—

*Valterius Scotus Balcluchius.*

regio suscepto facinore libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus  
gestis clarus, sub *Jacobo V. A.º. Christi, 1526.*  
Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum

... was imprisoned, and his estate  
the year 1535, for levying war against  
restored by act of Parliament, dated  
during the regency of Mary of Lorraine  
signal act of violence, to which this quarrel  
was, the murder of Sir Walter himself,  
by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh,  
is the event alluded to in Stanza VII. as  
supposed to open shortly after it had taken  
The feud between these two families was  
ended in 1596, when both chieftains paraded  
of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was  
their first meeting would decide their quarrel  
July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter  
Bacon, informs him, "that there was great trouble  
on the borders, which would continue till order  
be taken by the queen of England and the  
reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cecil  
Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity  
amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That  
had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lords  
the Borders, which was like to have turned to  
but the fear of the general trouble  
them, and the injuries  
committed

to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it that  
I receyved for it, on a feyre tabl  
frankes, and forgave one thousande  
Erl Dolphin's children. By my fayt  
and a good l. s. ; wherfore I reput  
ceyved, in that I have rendered  
Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro al  
the daye that I gave it up it was fo  
taylls, to have been kept seven ye  
vytaylynge. This Erl of Armynake l  
Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoye,  
I shulde repente myselte: certayne  
selte of what I have done."—*Froissac*

#### NOTE XVI.

*By wily turns, by desperate boun  
Had buffed Percy's best blood-hou*

The kings and heroes of Scotland,  
der-riders, were sometimes obliged

: hand had been  
don. or Fadzean, a dark, savage, man-  
ter. After a sharp skirmish at Black-  
see was forced to retreat with only six-  
The English pursued with a border  
blood-bound :

! there was that bratehet bred,  
4, to follow them that fled ;  
ed in Eske and Liffesdail,  
ill) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.  
at, Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so,  
rather : Wallace, having in vain argued  
rasty anger, struck off his head, and con-  
:reat. When the English came up, their  
upon the dead body :—

th stopped at Fawdon, till she stood,  
er would fra time she fund the blood.  
concludes with a fine Gothic scene of ter-  
took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask.  
disturbed at midnight by the blast of a  
it out his attendants by two and two, but  
ed with tidings. At length, when he was  
he sound was heard still louder. The  
word in hand ; and at the gate  
admetre

#### NOTE XVII.

*Dimly he viewed the Mout-hill's mound.—P. 22.*

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot. Ang. Sax. Concilium Conventus*,) was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

#### NOTE XVIII.

*Beneath the Tower of Hazeldean.—P. 22.*

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scots, thus commemorated by Satchells:—

Hassendean came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all.

#### NOTE XIX.

*On Minto-crag the moon-beams' giant.—P. 22.*

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot in the immediate vicinity of

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove  
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love  
But what had my youth with ambition to do  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide world secure me from love  
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook re-  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!  
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain  
The moments neglected return not again.  
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?

NOTE. VV



dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulchre, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of "ancient Riddell:" 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, &c. of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed.— 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV. confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III. confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, &c. and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II. and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1166. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated the 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil.—These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

## NOTE XXI.

*As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.—P. 24.*

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch

... beautiful monastery of Melrose, founded by King David I. Its ruins afford a specimen of Gothic architecture, and Gothic which Scotland can boast. The stone, of which it was built, though it has resisted the weather for ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next page, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c. carved in stone, with accuracy and precision such as to excite our senses, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Roman church. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favourite Scottish song, run thus :

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale<sup>o</sup>  
On Fridays when they fasted ;  
They wanted neither beef nor ale,  
As long as their neighbour's lair

## NOTES TO CANTO SECC

---

### NOTE I.

*When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die*

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the Melrose abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been mutilated.

### NOTE II.

—*St. David's ruined pile.*—P. 27.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others, which led to the well-known proverb of his successor, that he was *a sore saint's crown*.

### NOTE III.

—*Lands and livings many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose*

The Buecleuch family were great benefactors of the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of King Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieston and Raith (now Buecleuch,) gave to the monks the land of *Ettricke Forest, pro salute animarum suarum*, in the *Charter of Melrose*, 28th May, 1415.

*then I ride on a Border foray.*—P. 29.

as were, as may be supposed, very ignominious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis* states, that the reformed divines were undertaking distant journeys to convert the world wis at God that ye wold only go lands and borders of our own realm, to countrey men, who, for lack of prech- tration of the sacraments, must, with ether infidells or atheists." But we learn, hat, however defieient in real religion, told their beads, and never with more n going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE V.

*er feet were the bones of the dead.*—P. 30.

as were frequently used as places of sepul- tance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where as an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater*

NOTE VI.

rankes, and forgave one thousand for the Erl Dolphin's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good l.f.; wherfore I repute myselve sore de- ceived, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up it wasournyshed with vy- tayles, to have been kept seven yere without any re- rytaylynge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barhe, and Perot le Bernoye, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselve: certayne I sore repente my- selfe of what I have done."—*Froissart*, Vol. II. p. 195.

#### NOTE XVI.

*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.*—P. 20.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour inform us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water: thus leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The

Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, —  
 character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-  
 place was forced to retreat with only six-  
 teen. The English pursued with a border  
 or blood-bound :  
 And there was that bratchet bred,  
 Content, to follow them that fled ;  
 Used in Eske and Liddesdale,  
 Till she gat blood no fleeing might avail.  
 Fawdon, tired, or affecting to be so,  
 No farther : Wallace, having in vain argued  
 In hasty anger, struck off his head, and con-  
 tinued retreat. When the English came up, their  
 eyes fell upon the dead body :—  
 Ruth stopped at Fawdon, till she stood,  
 Whether would fra time she fund the blood.  
 The scene concludes with a fine Gothic scene of ter-  
 ror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask.  
 He was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a  
 horn, and sent out his attendants by two and two, but  
 returned with tidings. At length, when he was  
 alone, the sound was heard still louder. The  
 door was burst open, and a sword in hand ; and at the gate  
 stood a headless spectre

Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth, indeed,  
Supposing it to be no point of the creed.

*The Wallace, Book v.*

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry.—*Specimens of English Poetry, Vol. I. p. 351.*

## NOTE XVII.

*Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound.—P. 22.*

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot. Ang. Sax. Conciliun Conventus*,) was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

## NOTE XVIII.

*Beneath the Tower of Hazeldean.—P. 22.*

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells:—

Hassendean came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all.

## NOTE XIX.

*On Minto-crag the moon-beams glint.—P. 22.*

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses east down by the

... to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my shep  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I  
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of  
But what had my youth with ambition  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my

Through regions remote in vain do I ro  
And bid the wide world secure me from h  
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could sub  
A love so well found-d, a passion so true!  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to r-pine!  
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thi  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are v  
The moments neglected return not again.  
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to d  
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow



## NOTE XI.

— *The wondrous Michael Scott.*—P. 32.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott, as *singularii philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude præstans; dicebatur penitissimos magicæ recessus indagasse*.<sup>d</sup> Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:

*Quell altro chi ne' fianchi e così poco  
Michele Scotto fu, chi veramente  
Dello magiche frode seppe il gioco.*

*Divina Comedia, Canto xxviii.*

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, or Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where

which he gave me :  
Scot's historie ;  
never yet read through,  
no man dare it do.  
He pick'd out something  
that dare not read within.  
By the castle then,  
A written book hanging on an iron pin.  
It seem to me to be  
As like steel, or accumie ;  
It did seem so large to me,  
Of martyrs and Turks historie.  
When he let me see  
That Michael Scott did lie ;  
How that could appear,  
Been dead above five hundred year ?  
He durst bury under that stone,  
I been dead a few years gone :  
His name does terrifie each one."  
*(The Right Honourable name of Scot.*

**NOTE XII.**

at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D'Auton on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:

Questo citta di Tolletto solea  
 Tenere studio di Negromanzia,  
 Quivi di magica arte si leggea  
 Pubblicamente, e di Peromanzia ;  
 E molti Geomanti sempre avea  
 E sperimenti assai d' Fetremanzia  
 E d' altre false opinion' di sciocchi  
 Come e fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi.

*Il Morgante Maggiore*, Canto XXV. St. 259.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygrement*. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, "*qu'en tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis*." This Salamanean Dondaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult "*Les faits et proesses du noble et vaillant Hercules*," where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and, in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, "*maximus quæ decuit Atlas*."—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo: and, when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unblocked, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic

... could not extinguish  
... with great difficulty, penetrated into a  
... inscribed all over with Arabian characters  
... midst stood a colossal statue of brass, represent-  
... raven wielding a Moorish mace, with which  
... god furious blows on all sides, and seemed to  
... be the tempest which raged around. Being  
... d by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he  
... scribed on the right hand, "*Wretched Monarch  
... vil hast thou come hither ;*" on the left hand. "*I  
... be dispossessed by a strange people ;*" on one side  
... "*I invoke the sons of Itagar ;*" on the other, "*...  
... office.*" When the king had decyphered the  
... was inscriptions, the statue returned to its ex-  
... he tempest commenced anew, and Roderic re-  
... mourn over the predicted evils which approach  
... throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be  
... and barricaded ; but, in the course of the night  
... er fell with a tremendous noise, and under it  
... revealed for ever the entrance to the mystic ca-  
... The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the  
... the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prop-  
... the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey  
... rigo por el sabio Alcaide* 41

opened his book, and evoked  
a huge black horse, mounted  
him to fly through the air  
and cross the sea, the devil  
asked him what it was that the old  
man wanted at bed-time? A less  
wise man would have answered, that it was  
that the devil would have licensed the de  
vils back. But Michael stepped  
to the horse? Mount, Diabolus,  
at Paris, he tied his horse to  
the wall, and boldly delivered  
himself, with so little of the por  
tuguese diplomacy, was not received  
and the king was about to return a c  
demanded, when Michael besou  
solution till he had seen his  
The first stamp shook every  
ed all the bells to ring; the

to take refuge in his own  
sewer.) In order to revenge himself of  
alshope, Michael, one morning in the  
st, went to the hill above the house with  
sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread  
l wife for his greyhounds, with instruc  
do if he met with a denial. Accordingly  
ch had refused the boon with contumely  
as his master had directed. laid abov  
paper, which he had given him, contain  
t many cabalistical words, the well-know

Maister Michael Scott's man

Sought meat, and gat nane.

tely the good old woman, instead of purr  
estie occupation, which was baking bre  
ers, began to dance round the fire, repeati  
and continued this exercise till her husb  
pers to the house, one after another to  
delayed their provision ; but the chr  
t as they entered, and, losing all idea of  
y joined in the dance and chorus. At les  
t himself went to the house ; but as his w  
he had seen on the

## NOTES TO

o the door ; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in for-  
ditions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy  
oing so.—A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bor-*  
*ux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the  
*iph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falke-  
pe, Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at  
at a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elu-  
ted from him the secret, that his art could ward off  
ny danger except the poisonous qualities of broth,  
ade of the flesh of a *brine* sow. Such a mess she ac-  
ordingly administered to the wizard, who died in conse-  
quence of eating it ; surviving, however, long enough  
to put to death his treacherous confidante.

### NOTE XIV.

*The words, that cleft Eildon Hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.—P. 33.*

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embar-  
rased by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessi-  
ty of finding constant employment. He commanded  
him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at  
Kelso ; it was accomplished in one night and still doe  
honour to the infernal architect. Michael next order-  
ed, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform con-  
should be divided into three. Another night was suf-  
cient to part its summit into three picturesque pea-  
which it now bears. At length the enchanter conqu-  
ed this indefatigable daemon, by employing him in a  
hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of  
sand.

### NOTE XV.

*That lamp shall burn unquenchably.—P. 34.*

Baptista Porta, and others authors who treat of  
*real magic*, talk much of eternal lamps, pretend  
*have been found burning in ancient sepulchres.*

... different receipt  
instructing such lamps; and wisely concludes,  
nothing is nevertheless impossible.—*Mundus Sa-  
nus*, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of  
lights to magical skill. *Disquisitiones Magice*, p.  
a very rare romance, which "treateth of the life  
of Virgilius, and of his death and many marvayles that  
he did in his life-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramancy,  
whiche oughte the helpe of the devyls of hell," mention  
of a very extraordinary process, in which one  
of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that  
Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of re-  
venging his youth by his magical art. For this purpose  
he constructed a solitary tower, having only one en-  
trance, in which he placed twenty-four copper  
statues, armed with iron nails, twelve on each side of the  
entrance. These enchanted statues struck with lightning  
incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossi-  
ble, until when Virgil touched the spring which stopped  
the motion. To this tower he repaired privately, as-  
sisted by one trusty servant, to whom he communi-  
cated the secret of the entrance, and thither they conveyed  
the magician's treasure. "Then sayde Virgilius  
to his belovyd frende, and he that I shewe alle the



his own direction. The servant taking care to put the copper th his departure. He continued dail with the same precaution. Mean with whom Virgil was a great fav from the court; and demanded of was. The domestic pretended ign peror threatened him with death, conveyed him to the enchanted thwat extorted a discovery of the n statues from wielding their flails. perour entered into the castle wit soughte all aboute in every corner at last they soughte so longe, that seller, where they sawe the lamprell, where Virgilius lay in deed. perour the man, who had made h his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; an no worde to the emperour. And t with great anger, drew out his sv

Talado, where it remained for ten years, a vicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard and no sooner touched the formidable whiskered corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword; the Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of the terror, that he became Christian. *Heywood's History*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias*.

#### NOTE XVII.

*The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.*—P. 41. The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page, is of a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared for some stay, at a farm-house among the Borders. A gentleman of that country has the following particulars concerning his appearance.

The only certain, at least most probable account I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from a gentleman of the name of Anderson, who was born, and spent his life, at Todshawhill, in Eskdalemuir.

---b. It was real flesh  
was fond of cream, and  
would destroy a great de  
creature; and any of the  
ter, it would beat and ser  
once abusing a child belon  
had been so frightened by  
in a passion, struck it so vi  
the head, that it tumbled u  
not stunned; for it set up  
claimed, 'Ah kah, Will o' W  
sore.) After it had staid th  
the women were milking th  
playing among the children  
denly they heard a loud shri  
'*Gilpin Horner!*' it started,  
*must away!*' and instantly di  
heard of more. Old Anderso  
said, he had often heard his fat  
the place who were there at t  
and in

but the Lady of Branksome gathered a band,  
of the best that would ride at her command.—1

On 25th June 1557, Dame Janet Beatounne I  
such, and a great number of the name of S  
t (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mar  
wes, to the number of two hundred persons b  
e of weire (arrayed in armour,) and brea  
be doors of the said kirk, in order to appreh  
d of Cranstoune for his destruction.' On  
ly, a warrant from the queen is presented,  
ig the justice to proceed against the Lady E  
while new calling. *Abridgment of Books of  
in Advocates' Library.*—The following proce  
on this case appear on the record of the Co  
niary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Se  
uill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's,  
[ the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to  
of 200 persons in warlike array, with jac  
, and other weapons, and marching to the at

the laird of Trakwhare, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, Pirn, John Pennyeuke of Pen Cokpen, the laird of Fasryde, toun, were all severally fined rors ; being probably either in parties, or dreading their vengeance July following, Scott of Synton, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howj with many others, are ordered under the pains of treason. It seems to have taken place. At rising, the kirk of St. Mary was

---

**NOTE I.**

*ancing in the sunny beam,  
and the crane on the baren's crest.—P. 46.*

of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their  
rane dormant, holding a stone in his foot,  
whatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I*

**NOTE II.**

*e marvelled a knight of pride,  
book-bosomed priest should ride.—P. 48.*

bank, two miles N. E. from the church (of  
re are the ruins of a chapel for divine ser-  
se of popery. There is a tradition, that fri-  
ant to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to

the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader :

Sae soon as they saw her weel far'd face,  
They cast the *glamour* o'er her.

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thyeke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded,) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded—Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the eastell to assaile it? Syr, quod the enchantour, I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see. Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, Syr for godsake, let the mayster essay his cunning; we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme." The earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognized in the enchanter, the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. "By my fayth, quod the Erl of Savoy, ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure him of you; for ye shall never do enchauntment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that he

A servant, . . .

hym stryke off this mayster's heed  
d as sone as the Erle had commanded it, incont  
was done, for his heed was stryken of befor  
rle's tent." *Froissart*, Vol. I. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, w  
iently a principal part of the skill of the *jongl*  
uggler, whose tricks formed much of the amus  
of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art n  
found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, V  
p. 119. In a strange allegorical poem, called th  
lat, written by a dependant of the house of D  
about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, p  
part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are t  
scribed :

He gart them see, as it semyt, in samyn hou  
Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair ;  
Soane sailand on the see schippis of toure,  
Bernis battaland on burd brim as a bare ;  
He coulde carye the coup of the kingis d  
Syne leve in the stede,  
Bot a black bunwede ;  
He could of a henis hede,



NOTE IV.

*Now if you ask who gave the  
I cannot tell, so not I thrive ;  
It was not given by man alive*

Mr. Henry More, in a letter prefix  
*Seducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a  
NON.

I remember an old gentleman in th  
acquaintance, an excellent Justice  
piece of a mathematician ; but what I  
pher he was, you may understand fro  
own making, which he commended to  
horse in his yard, which rhyme is this

Ens is nothing till sense finds out  
Sense ends in nothing, so naught  
Which rhyme of his was so rapturous  
on the reciting of the second verse, th  
himself about upon his toe as nimbly  
serve a dry leaf whisked round in the

... spirit, and therefore, so so  
were off, and his shoes on, out he goes  
and next field, to find out the spirit that had  
this familiar clap on the back, but found  
in the yard nor field next to it.

"But though he did feel this stroke, albeit  
it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a  
sion; yet, not long before his death, it had  
with him than all the philosophical argumen  
use to him, though I could wind him and not  
as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how  
ever, made no impression upon him; where  
several reasonings of this nature, whereby  
prove to him the soul's distinction from the body  
its immortality, when nothing of such subtile  
rations did any more execution on his mind than  
lightning is said to do, though it melts the snow  
the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard,—Well,  
father L. though none of these things move you  
something still behind, and what yourself has  
dged to me to be true, that may do the business  
you remember the clap on your back when  
vaut was pulling off your boots in the hall  
rself, said I, father L."

## NOTE V.

*The running stream dissolved the spell.—P. 51.*

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always re-assumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish, for a very good reason. "*Genus ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.*"—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

## NOTE VI.

*His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
No longer fence had he;  
He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee.—P. 53.*

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:

A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good;  
All clad in lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.  
When setting to their lips their bugle shrill,  
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;  
Their bauldries set with studs athwart their shoulders  
east,  
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled  
fast,  
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
*Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.*

and an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Michael, an English squire, and Joachin Canehman, "they met at the speare poyntes the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the man ran too lowe, for he strak the French-into the thygh. Wherwith the Erle of Buck-is right sore displeased, and so were all the es, and sayde how it was shamefully done." vol. i. ch. 366.— Upon a similar occasion "the ts came a fote eche against other rudely, speares low couched, to stryke eche other e foure quarters. Johan of Castel Moran-the Englysh squyer on the brest in such Sir Wylliam Fermetone stombled and bow-fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and Johan of the Castell-Morante in the thighe, e speare went clene throughe, that the heed a handfull on the other syde. And Syre Johan stroke reled, but he fell nat. Then the Eng-ghtes and squyers wen ryghte sore displeased, : how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wylliam Fer-

## NOTE VIII.

*But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And saved the splinter o'er and o'er.*—P. 56.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier, before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case :

“ Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in du-el, he did his endeavour to part them ; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hindrance their friend made, that they should not kill one another ; an one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of M  
and then the other disengaged his hil

... sent one of his own  
majesty much affected the said Mr. J  
" It was my chance to be lodged i  
four or five days after, as I was makin  
came to my house, and prayed me to  
' for I understand,' said he, ' that you l  
ry remedies on such occasions, and n  
prehend some fear that it may grow to  
so the hand must be cut off.' In effect, I  
discover'd that he was in much pain, I  
insupportable, in regard of the extr me i  
told him I would willingly serve him, I  
knew the manner how I would cure him, I  
ing or seeing him, it may be he would no  
self to my manner of curing, because he w  
peradventure, either ineffectual or superst  
plied, 'The wonderful things which many  
unto me of your way of medicinement, in  
thing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all th  
say unto you, is comprehended in the Spani  
*Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma*—Let t  
be done, though Mahomet do it.'  
" I asked him then for any thing that had  
upon it; so he presently  
his hand

keep the wound  
twixt heat and cold.' This was presently  
the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king,  
who were both very curious to know the circumstance  
of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the  
garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great  
fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came  
running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he  
had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his  
hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although  
that had happened at present, yet he should find ease  
in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new acci-  
dent, and would provide accordingly; for his master  
should be free from that inflammation, it may be before  
he could possibly return to him: but in case he found  
no ease, I wished him to come presently back again;  
if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went;  
and at the instant I did put again the garter into the  
water, thereupon he found his master without any pain  
at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain after-  
ward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were ci-  
catrized, and entirely healed." Page 6.

The king (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the  
discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been  
learned by a friar, who had learned it in

... of the *Tempest* :

*Ariel*. Anoint the sword which pierceth  
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air  
Till I have time to visit him again.—*Act*  
Again, in scene 4th, *Miranda* enters with  
sword wrapt up :

*Hip*. O my wound pains me. [*She unwraps*

*Mir*. I am come to ease you.

*Hip*. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me  
My wound shoots worse than ever.

*Mir*. Does it still grieve you ?

[*She wipes and anoints*]

*Hip*. Now, methinks, there's something  
on it.

*Mir*. Do you find no ease ?

*Hip*. Yes, yes ; upon the sudden all this pain  
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am ea

#### NOTE IX.

*On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Pricsthaughtrair*

The Border beacons, from their number  
tion, formed a ...



and come to the use of  
sons (at least in latter times) were  
tree set up, with a long iron pole  
and an iron brander fixed on a str  
it, for holding a tar barrel."—*Str*  
II. p. 701.

#### NOTE X.

##### *Our kin, and clan, and friends*

The speed with which the Bo  
bodies of horse, may be judged  
extract, when the subject of the  
important than that supposed i  
taken from Carey's *Memoirs*: "  
old Lord Scroop, the queen gave  
his son, that had married my  
ceived that office, came to me  
and desired me to be his dep  
should live with him in his hou

gotten in the strong tower, and I  
ing from the house as fast as his  
him ; I little suspecting what it  
was Carleton came to me presently,  
I did not presently prevent it, both  
company would be either slain or  
it was strange to me to hear this lan-  
did to me, ' Do you see that boy that  
? He will be in Scotland within this  
is gone to let them know that you  
at end you are come, and the small  
with you ; and that if they will make  
they may surprise us, and do with  
us.' Here-upon we took advice what  
to do. We sent notice presently to all  
country, and to come to us with all  
speed ; and withall we sent to Carlisle  
men ; for without the fort we could  
the tower. There we staid some  
more company ; and within short

more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and be-thought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape un-killed (there were so many deadly feuds among them;) and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear, and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were turned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

## NOTE XI.

*On many a cairn's gray pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.—P. 59.*

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually though not

in the substance which having been covered  
s, over which, when hardened, the art  
inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, et  
e very rude ornaments ; his skill appar  
dequate to baking the vase, when compl

The contents were bones and ashes, ar  
beads made of coal. This seems to be  
arous imitation of the Roman fashion

---

NOTE I.

*Great Dundee.*—P. 64.

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the  
vicarage.

NOTE II.

*For pathless marsh, and mountain  
The peasant left his lowly shed.*

The morasses were the usual refuge  
herdsmen, on the approach of an English  
*streis of the Scottish Border*, Vol. I.  
hewed in the most dangerous and inae  
also afforded an occasional retreat. Su  
the same in the

it was so well maynteyned without, vayed, and thei within fayn to get another parler. Then devised we with hyn) to stop the same up, whether smoother them, or fynd out their adde any moe: as this was done at out xii score of, we moughte see the ke to come out; the which continued mee, and so long a while, that we could they must needs get them out, or: and forasmuch as we found not that, we thought it for certain thei wearer."—*Patten's Account of Somerset's Scotland, apud Daljell's Fragments.*

### NOTE III.

*uthern ravage.*—P. 64.

wing fragment of a letter from the Earl  
und to King Henry VIII. preserved

## NOTES TO

lettynge your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at  
 theyre pleasures. Upon which in your highnes' name,  
 I comaundet dewe wache to be kepte on your mar-  
 chies, for comyng in of any Scotts.—Neutheles, upon  
 Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen in-  
 to a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not  
 past sex houses, lying toward Ryddisdail, upon Shilbo-  
 tell more, and ther wold have fyred the said howses,  
 but ther was noo fyre to get there, and they forgate to  
 brynge any withe theyme and toke a wyf, being great  
 with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher  
 we can not gyve the lord lyght, yet we shall doo this in  
 spyte of him and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon  
 the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger:  
 wheruppon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her  
 belly is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highnes  
 to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and  
 shamefull murder, done within this your highnes  
 realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereof  
 rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by be-  
 dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge  
 brother Clyfforth and me, had by credible per-  
 Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be  
 dyverse of the Mershe, but also the aforementioned  
 Ryddisdail, and consented to, as by appareane  
 upon Friday at night last, let  
 Ryddisdail, with a part  
 wi

have devysed, that within this . . .  
ling, Kelsey, in lyke case, shall be brent, with  
me in the said town; and then they shall  
place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the  
And as I shall atteigne further knowlege, I  
fail to satisfye your highnes, according to  
bounden dutie. And for this burnynge of  
devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndaill and  
ale. And thus the holy Trynite and \* \* \* your  
ral estate, with long lyf, and as much increase  
ur as your most noble heart can desire. At  
orth, the xxiiid day of October." (1522.)

#### NOTE IV.

*Watt Tinlinn.*—P. 64.

person was, in my younger days, the theme of  
a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buc  
h family, and held for his border service a smal  
on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, b  
ssion, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, a  
er and warrior. Upon one occasion the capta  
ewcastle, military governor of that wild district  
have made an incursion in



There is an old rhyme, ~~which~~ —  
places in Liddesdale, remarkable for game:  
    Bilhope braes for bucks and racs,  
    And Carit haugh for swine,  
    And Tarras for the good bull-trout,  
    If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

#### NOTE VI.

*Of silver broach and bracelet proud.*—P. 65.

As the borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burnt and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See *Lesty de Moribus Limitaneorum*.

#### NOTE VII.

*Belted Will Howard.*—P. 66.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large do-  
    ~~minion~~ to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, siste-  
    ~~r~~ of ~~the~~ ~~late~~ ~~duke~~ ~~of~~ ~~Norfolk~~.

... through which he could privately  
to the guard-room, or even into the dun-  
y the necessity of no small degree of secret  
dence on the part of the governor. As the  
aks and furniture have remained undisturb-  
erable appearance of these apartments, and  
r scattered around the chamber, almost lead  
et the arrival of the warden in person. Na-  
tle is situated near Brampton in Cumber-  
rd William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of

#### NOTE VIII.

*Lord Dacre.*—P. 66.

ell-known name of Dacre is derived from the  
of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or  
s, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were  
rful branches of that name. The first family,  
rd Dacres of the South, held the castle of the  
ne, and are ancestors to the present Lord Da-  
e other family, descended from the same stock,  
led Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons

## NOTES TO

### NOTE IX.

*The German haghbut-men.—P. 66.*

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors, employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred haghbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th September 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almans, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, to your wardenry, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughwaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whercof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the king's majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almans, in the subsequent correspondence; and from the difficulty of providing these strangers with necessary "victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire." *History of Cumberland*, vol. I. p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low-Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right extravagance to which they carried the fashion of their dress with knots of riband. The custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mi-Magistrates*, p. 121. Their pleited garments therewith well as All jagde and frounst, with divers colours

and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, &c. lying upon the river of Ettricke, and St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. That when James had assembled his noble feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron offered himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted his family a charter of arms, entitling them to the order of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the treasure of the kings of France, with a bundle of spears for the crest; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

*James Rex.*

James, be the grace of God, king of Scotland, confirmeth to our right trusty counsellor John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our commandment, with three score and ten lauching men, and followers, and

... court, the xvii day &  
zeires. By the King's graces spe

On the back of the chart  
" Edin. 14. January, 1713. R  
the act of parliament made anent  
M'Kaile, pror. and produced by A  
servant to Sir William Scott of Tl

**NOTE XI.**

*An aged knight, to danger ste  
With many a moss-trooper,  
And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced  
Without the bend of Murdie.*

The family of Harden are descen  
son of the laird of Buccleuch, who fi  
estate of Murdieston was acquired

**Rob,** announced to the hungry **man**  
for a supply of provisions. He was  
Scott, daughter of Phillip Scott of  
d in the song the Flower of Yarrow.  
r extensive estate, which was divided  
1. There are numerous descendants  
ng Baron. The following beautiful  
's *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a  
g an infant captive, whom Walter of  
' in a predatory incursion, and who  
ome the author of some of our most  
songs.

oarse, that loads the meads with sand,  
to Teviot's western strand,  
s, whose sides are shagged with thorn,  
scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,  
Harden, far above the vale,  
ens o'er the turrets sail.  
o never shrunk from war,  
realms a mighty bar,  
untain-home ;—a wide domain,  
had purple heath been grain ;  
'—~~ground of wealth denied~~

## NOTES TO

Amid the piles of spoil, that strewed the ground,  
 Her ear all anxious, caught a wailing sound;  
 With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
 And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung  
 Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;  
 Whileauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,  
 His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster child,  
 Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,  
 Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;  
 In vales remote, from camps and castles far,  
 He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;  
 Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
 Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill  
 The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,  
 When evening brings the merry folding hours,  
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
 He lived, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
 To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier;  
 But none was round above the minstrel's tomb,  
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:  
 He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,  
 Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

## NOTE XII.

*Scotts of Eskedale, a stakcart band.*—P. 68.

In this, and the following stanzas, some account given of the mode in which the property of the *of Eske* was transferred from the Beattisons, to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem, literally as they have been preserved in the latter part of the 17th century, took upon himself the title of *Morton*. The descendants of Beattison of *ritke*, who aided the earl to escape from

#### NOTE XIII.

*gathering word was Bellenden.—P. 71.*

It is situated near the head of Borthwick being in the centre of the possessions of the frequently used as their place of rendezvous ing word.—Survey of Selkirkshire, in Mac- ISS. Advocates' Library. Hence Satchell's art of his genealogical account of the family clan, his Bellenden.

#### NOTE XIV.

*up their home, their law the sword,  
knew no country, owned no lord.—P. 74.*

mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Cambridge carried to the assistance of the Portugal against the Spaniards, maintained for regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black was addressed them: "I counsaile, let us be in alliance, and of one accorde, and let us ourselves reyse up the banner of St. George."



## NOTES TO

penon of St. George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frends to God, and enemies to all the worlde!" *Froissart*, vol. I. ch. 393.

## NOTE XV.

*A gauntlet on a spear.*—P. 76.

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See *Lesly*.

## NOTE XVI.

*We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
That he may suffer march-treason pain.* P. 78.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called March-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride against the opposite country, during the time of truce. This, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salmon, the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July, and it is expressly accorded, "Gif ony stellis aut the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be henched; and gif ony company stellis any gudes, hanget, or heofdit, and the remanant sall resgudys stollen in the dubble."—*History of West-Scotland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

ally referred to their own oath. The form  
bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran  
I shall swear by heaven above you, hell be-  
by your part of Paradise, by all that God  
days and seven nights, and by God himself,  
art out sackless of art, part, way, witting,  
ng, having, or recetting, of any of the goods  
named in this bill. So help you God."—  
*Shumberland*, Introd. p. xiv.

#### NOTE XVIII.

*hood he took of Douglas' sword.*—P. 79.

nity of knighthood, according to the ori-  
gination, had this peculiarity, that it did not  
belong to the monarch, but could be conferred by one  
who possessed it, upon any squire who, after  
admission, was found to merit the honour of chival-  
ry, this power was confined to generals, who  
were empowered to create knights bannerets after or before  
battle. Even so late as the reign of Queen  
Elizabeth highly offended his jealous sovereign  
the discriminate exertion of this privilege.—

... the English, com-  
Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were  
ed, and both their leaders slain in the  
Scottish army was commanded by Archibald  
Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Bu  
Norman Lesly.

#### NOTE XX.

*The blanche lion.*—P. 81.

This was the cognizance of the noble ho  
ard in all its branches. The crest, or b  
warrior, was often used as a *nomme de gu*  
Richard III. acquired his well-known  
*Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Ca  
sey, written by Roy, commonly, but erro  
puted to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingha  
the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norf  
of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book  
rare, and the whole passage relates to the  
cal interpretation of heraldry, it shall be t

tyne is come of bagge and walatt:  
mporall chevalry thus thrown doune,  
x prest take hede, and beware thy crowne:

Two copies of this very scarce satire in the  
late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an  
it also in Mr. Egerton Bridges' curious mis-  
*Censura Literaria*.

#### NOTE XXI.

*at Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine*  
*single fight.—P. 81.*

It may be supposed, that trial by single combats,  
peculiar to the feudal system, was common  
in England. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of  
Warrington fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the  
Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a  
sum of money which he had to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre.  
Kirkaldy gives the following account of the affair:  
"I was provoked by the Lord Evre's brother, William Kir-  
kaldy, to fight with him, in singular combat,  
with spears; who, keeping the appoint-

" It is agreed between Thomas M  
lot Carleton, for the true trial of  
are betwixt them, to have it open  
combat, before God and the face of  
in Canonbyholme, before England  
Thursday in Easter-week, being  
April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, 1  
clock, and one of the same day, to  
armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sle  
es, plaite sockes, two basleard swor  
one yard and a half a quarter of  
daggers, or dorks, at their girdles,  
to provide armour and weapons for  
ing to this indenture. Two gentle  
ed, on the field, to view both the p  
they both be equal in arms and we  
this indenture; and being so viewed  
the gentlemen to ride to the rest of  
to leave them but two boys, viewed  
to be under sixteen years of age, to

sw a great fee upon him, as captain of Bew-  
ld and defend her majesty's subjects there-  
as Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for  
majesty's castle of Bewcastle was by him  
of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for  
felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The  
was Quinten Whitehead and Runion Black-

chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is  
he Scotch to ride in and through, and small  
made by him to the contrary.  
as Musgrave doth deny all his charge; and  
he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth  
ly him, and will prove the same by way of  
according to this indenture. Lancelot Carle-  
entertained the challenge, and so, by God's  
n, will prove it true as before, and hath set his  
he same.

ied)

THOMAS MUSGRAVE.  
LANCELOT CARLETON."

**NOTE XXII.**

*See the second Harber.—P. 83.*

of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling roaring Willie." Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connection with the history of the author, and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:

Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,  
 And he's for the rood-day ;\*  
 But Stobs and young Falnash,†  
 They followed him a' the way ;  
 They followed him a' the way,  
 They sought him up and down,  
 In the links of Ousenam water;  
 They fand him sleeping sound.

Stobs lighted aff his horse,  
 And never a word he spak,  
 Till he tied Willie's hands  
 Fu' fast behind his back ;  
 Fu' fast behind his back ;  
 And down beneath his knee,  
 And drink will be dear to Willie,  
 When sweet milk‡ gars him die.

Ah wae light on ye, Stobs !  
 An ill death mot ye die !  
 Ye're the first and foremost man  
 That e'er laid hands on me ;

\* *The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.*  
 † *Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falnash.*  
 ‡ *A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.*

— — — — — THE SONG OF WILLIE,  
His beauty was so fair:  
His beauty was so fair,  
And comely for to see,  
And drink will be dear to Willie,  
When sweet milk gars him die.

NOTE XXIII.

*Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,  
In the old Douglas' day.—P. 84.*

title to the most ancient collection of Be  
ns runs thus:  
it remembered, that, on the 18th day of  
18, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the  
holders, and eldest Borderers, that bes  
ad, at the college of *Linclouden*; and t  
those lords and Borderers bodily to be  
by Gospel touched, that they, justly an  
their cunning, should decree, discern,  
: in order and writing, the statutes, ordi  
s of marche, that were ordained in *Black  
Douglas's days*, and Archibald his son's  
warfare; and they came again to him s



statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *W:W* and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain point be treason in time of warfare to be used, which was no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time and in all time coming."

NOTE I.

*‘The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas’ dreaded name.—’*

The chief of this potent race of heroes, late of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, se of Angus, a man of great courage and acti Bloody Heart was the well-known cogniza ouae of Douglas, assumed from the time of umes, to whose care Robert Bruce comi art, to be carried to the Holy Land.

NOTE II.

*—The Seven Spears of Wedderburne—’*

ir David Home of Wedderburne, who was fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by el, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (n of Whitebank.) They were called the us of Wedderburne.

*And Hepburn's mingled  
Down the steep mountain  
And shouting still, " a*

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the ancient Earls of March, carried but as a difference, changed from gules to vert, in allusion to their ancient possession. The slogan of the powerful family, was, " A Home Earl is placed in an escrol of red metal is armed with a lion's head of state gules, turned up ermine."

The Hepburns, a powerful family, were usually in close alliance with the chief of this clan was Hepburn, which terminated in the year 1700.

**NOTE**

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon  
us, and the occasional cruelties which ma  
d inroads, the inhabitants on either side  
seem to have regarded each other with that  
personal animosity, which might have been  
the contrary, like the outposts of hostile  
war carried on something resembling fri  
endship, even in the middle of hostilities; and i  
n various ordinances against trade and  
intercourse between English and Scottish Borders  
the governments of both countries were jealo  
us of a too intimate a connection. From  
both nations, that "Englyshemen on the  
Scottes on the other party, are good men  
when they meet, there is a harde fight w  
out truce. There is no hoo (*truce*) between the  
English, swords, axes or daggers, will endure  
the one upon the other; and when they be we  
that the one party hath obtained the vic  
tory, they glorye so in theyre dedes of armes, a  
nd that such as be taken they shall be  
that they go out of the felde; so that sho  
man is so content with other, that, at the  
conclusion they will

## NOTE VII

*And frequent, on the darkening  
Loud holla, whoop, or whistle  
As bands, their stragglers to re,  
Gave the shrill watch-word o*

Patten remarks, with bitter e  
conduct of the English Border  
Protector Somerset on his exped  
"As we wear then a setting, and  
among all things els commen  
ney, one thing seemed to me s  
and abuse: that wheras allwa  
of war, and in all campes of arm  
without nois, is, principally in th  
is set, observed, (I nede not re-a  
prikkers, the Borderers, notwi  
enormitic (as thought me,) and  
unto a masteries hounde howly

see the dark blood-hound on his way,  
and with the bugle rouse the fray.—P. 105.

the pursuit of Border marauders was followed by a  
red party and his friends with blood-hounds and  
horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was en-  
abled by his dog could trace the scent, to follow the in-  
truders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which  
occasioned blood-shed. In addition to what has  
been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed  
was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border  
estate till within the 18th century. A person was alive  
in my memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound  
kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose  
service the tenant had an allowance of meal. /  
One time the sheep were always watched at night  
on some occasion, when the duty had fallen on the  
watcher, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue  
and fell asleep, upon a bank, near sun-rising. Sudden-  
ly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five  
well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the  
top of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock,  
but the day was too far broken to admit the chance  
of their attacking them in any

NOTE I.

*Not wrought not by forbidden spell.*—P. 109.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the dæmons were manifold; and sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:

“Virgilius was at seole at Tolenton, where he studyed dylygently, for he was of great understandyng. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play an sporte them in the fyldes, after the usance of the hok tyme. And there was also Virgilius therebye, al walkyng among the hylles alle about. It fortunedyd sayed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, where that he coulde not see no more lyg!

pray the, del  
mayn, and I shall shewe unto the r  
maneyr, and how thou shall come  
know the praetyse therein, that no  
of negromaney shall passe the. At  
shewe and enforme the so, that thou  
desyre, whereby mythynde it is a g.  
tyll a doying. For ye may also the  
frendys help, and make ryche your  
rough that great promyse was Virgi  
hadde the fynd show the bokes to him  
have and occupy them at his wyll; as  
shewed him. And than Virgilius pulle  
and there was a lytell hole, and therea  
vil out lyke a yeel, and came and stode  
lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius w  
marveyled greatly thereof, that so great  
come out at so little a hole. Than  
'Shulde ye well passe into the hole thi  
of?'—'Yea, I shall well,' said the devy  
best plegge that I have, that ye shall not  
sayd the devyl, 'thereto I consent.' A  
vil wrange himselfe into the lytell hol  
as he was therein, Virgilius  
with the bound



“Than he thought in his mynde howe he myghte mareye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great lands belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his cunnyng, and called it Napells. And the foundacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the top he set an appell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apel without he brake it; and thorough that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the spell by the stake upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the town of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.” This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit, au droit de-voir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—*Montfaucon*, Vol. II. p. 126.

NOTE II.

NOTE III.

*And princely peacock's gilded tra*

The peacock, it is well known, was during the times of chivalry, not merely a delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity, it was again decorated with wine and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine and held in its bill. When it was introduced on a festival, it was the signal for the adventurers to take upon them vows to do some deed of valour for the peacock and the ladies."

NOTE IV.

*And o'er the bear-head, garnished brave.*

The bear's head was also an usual dish of splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes garnished with little banners, displaying the colours and arms of the baron, at whose board it was served. See *Skerton's History*, Vol. I. p. 432.

... times, whose attacks occur in times as defending the frontier against sometimes as disturbing the peace of their Dickon Draw-the sword was son to the an called in tradition the Cuck of Huntbill.

#### NOTE VII.

*But bit his glove, and shook his head.-*

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seem been considered, upon the Border, as a g tempt, though so used by Shakspeare, b of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning drinking-bout, observed, that he had bit He instantly demanded of his companion he had quarrelled? and learning that he h with one of the party, insisted on instant asserting, that though he remembered no dispute, yet he was sure he never would

*name of Scott, gives the following*  
that name. Two brethren, natives  
been banished from that country for  
tion, came to Rankelburn, in Ettrick  
keeper, whose name was Brydone,  
fully, on account of their skill in wit  
in the other mysteries of the chase.—  
pin, then king of Scotland, came soon  
the royal forest, and pursued a buc  
heuch to the glen now called Buck  
miles above the junction of Rankelbu  
Ettricke.—Here the stag stood at bay  
and his attendants, who followed on  
thrown out by the steepness of the hill  
John, one of the brethren from Galloway  
the chase on foot; and now coming in  
by the horns, and, being a man of great  
activity, threw him on his back, and run  
den about a mile up the steep hill, to  
Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted,  
buck at the sovereign's feet.\*

The deer being curee'd in that place  
At his Majesty's

The king did wash into a dish,  
 And Galloway John he wot ;  
 He said, " Thy name now after this  
 Shall ever be called John Scott.

The forest, and the deer therein,  
 We commit to thy hand ;  
 For thou shalt sure the ranger be,  
 If thou obey command :  
 And for the buck thou stoutly brought  
 To us up that steep heuch,  
 Thy designation ever shall  
 Be John Scot in Bucksleuch."<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

In Scotland no Buckleuch was then,  
 Before the buck in the cleuch was slain ;  
 Night's men \* at first they did appear,  
 Because moon and stars, to their arms they bear  
 Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,  
 Shews their beginning from hunting came ;  
 Their name, and stile, the book doth say,  
 John gained them both into one day.

*Watt's Belland:*

\* " *Minions of the moon,*" as Falstaff would have it. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancients : " For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere unto the sea, or inhabited the islands, after once they begun to crosse one to another in ships ; became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to rich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak, and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, risted them, and made this the best means of their living ; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This was manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, among whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such things, as were said by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not, as a thing neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor

... duck, or, according to  
*of leash and a hart of grece.* The  
Howpasley and Thirlestaine long r  
horn : they also carried a bent bow  
sinister cantle, perhaps as a differen  
motto was—*Best riding by moonlight,*  
crescents on the shield, and perhaps  
those who bore it. The motto now gi  
plying to the female supporters.

NOTE X.

—old Albert Græme,  
*The minstrel of that ancient name.*—

“ John Grahame, second son of *Malice*  
*teith*, commonly surnamed *John with the*  
upon some displeasure risen against him  
tired with many of his clan and kindred,  
lish Borders, in the reign of King Henry  
where they seated themselves ; and many  
terity have continued there ever since. I  
peaking of them, says (which indeed was a  
nost of the Borderers on both sides) “ *the*  
ark moss-troopers

## TES TO

any time upon a rail of the  
A saying is recorded of a mo-  
is now become proverbial), *Ride  
pot*; that is, the last piece of beef  
therefore it was high time for him  
2."—*Introduction to the History of*

of the Græmes being chiefly in the  
so called because it was claimed by  
their depredations extended both to  
Scotland, with impunity; for as both  
either inclined to demand reparation for  
from the opposite subjects of their  
acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over  
a long correspondence on this subject be-  
Dacre and the English Privy Council, in  
on to *History of Cumberland*. The Debate  
was finally divided betwixt England and  
by commissioners appointed by both nations.

### NOTE XI.

*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.*—P. 114.

A burden is adopted, with some alteration, from a  
Scottish song beginning thus:

She leaned her back against a thorn,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
And there she has her young babe born,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

### NOTE XII.

*Who has not heard of Surrey's fame.*—P. 1

The gallant and unfortunate Henry How  
of Surrey, was unquestionably the most ac-  
cavalier of his time; and his sonnets displ-  
which would do honour to a more polish-  
was beheaded on Tower-hill, in 1546; a

mean jes  
brilliant  
The s  
dent an  
Cornel  
him, i  
servic  
repr  
cour  
en

had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision  
ed her as indisposed, and reclined upon a  
ading her lover's verses by the light of a wax

#### NOTE XIII.

———*The storm-swept Orcales ;  
here erst St. Clairs held princely sway,  
'er isle and islet, strait and bay.*—P. 119.

St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being de-  
scended from William de St. Clair, second son of Wa-  
lter Comte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter of  
the Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his  
birth-place, the Seemly St. Clair; and settling in  
Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, ob-  
tained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These  
lands were increased by the liberality of succeeding  
kings to the descendants of the family, and com-  
prised the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cow-  
dardine, and several others. It is said a large  
portion was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the same  
occasion: The king, in following the chase to



moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for sipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earnraig, &c. in free forestric. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.\*—*MS. History of the Family of St. Clair, by Richard Augustin Hay, Common of St. Genevieve.*

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stra-

\* *The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a grey-hound at his feet, is still to be seen in Rosline chapel. The person who shows it, always tells the story of his hunting match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last emergency, he shouted,*

*Help, haud, an' ye may,  
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.*

*If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.*

ne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the kings of Scotland, and retained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of parliament. In exchange for his earldom, the castle and domains of Ravensburg, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Sinclair, Earl of Caithness.

## NOTE XIV.

*Still nods their palace to its fall,  
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.*—P. 119.

The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, the Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness, about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

The ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to the late Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection of 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholic prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the residence of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an extent as the Orkney and Shetland isles being taken from them by James III. for faulting, after his brother Alexander, duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the young Alexander against the king, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Ross; and for which after the forfeiture, he gratefully rewarded my forfeited ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to do against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce run as fresh as in his own; for their claim to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, the son of Robert; and our alliance was by marryin' a child of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter

land. I then had no small reason to think, in a  
happy state, on the many not inconsiderable ser-  
vices rendered since to the royal familie, for these  
years by-gone, on all occasions, when they stood in  
need of friends, which they have thought them-  
selves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet  
and in a stile more like friends than sover-  
eigns, our attachment to them, without any other than  
what was brought upon us considerable losses, and  
others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and  
that condition, without the least relief except what  
was found in our own virtue. My father was the only  
one of the Scots nation who had courage enough to  
stand in parliament against King William's title  
to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and  
at that time when the losses in the cause of the royall  
and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him  
to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children  
he had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all  
he had honourably persisted in his principle.

left of the *Vakingr*, or Scandinavian pirates the title of *Sækonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships of the same language of the Scalds, are often termed *Drakkar*, or Serpents of the ocean.

NOTE XVI.

*That Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,  
In his monstrous circle girds the world.—P. 119.*

*Jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, who surrounds the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Scalds. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went out to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil *dæmons* and the good of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or the final flight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE XVII.

*Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell  
Maddens the Battle's bloody swell.—P. 119.*

These are the *Valkyries*, or Selectors of the Slain.

their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrting should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which past betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the *Hervarar-Saga*. Indeed the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.—*Bartholinus De causis contemptæ a Danis mortis*, Lib. I. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.

## NOTE XIX.

——— *Rosabelle*.—P. 120.

This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne.

## NOTE XX.

*Castle Ravensheuch*.—P. 120.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the barons of Roslin.

beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in  
tion. It was founded in 1446, by Will  
Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh,  
and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord  
Admiral of the Scottish seas, Lord Cl  
Scotland, Lord Warden of the three  
of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, &c.  
Cockle and of the Garter, (as is affir  
ellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of S  
ofty person, whose titles, says Godscro  
a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin,  
d in princely splendour, and founded th  
is in the most rich and florid style of G  
ature. Among the profuse carving on t  
utresses, the rose is frequently introduc  
to the name, with which, however, t  
o connection; the etymology being R  
romontory of the linn, or water-fall. T  
d to appear on fire previous to the death  
escendants. This superstition, noticed  
s *Theatrum Scotiae*. and alluded to in th  
ably of Norwegian derivation, and may  
ort-d by the Earls of Orkney into their l  
... ..

lying in an open grave, -  
 on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a pair  
 the white furring, that went round the cap, and  
 swarded to the hinder part of the head. All his pr  
 cessors were buried after the same manner, in their  
 mour: late Roslin, my good-father, was the first  
 was buried in a coffin; against the sentiments of F  
 James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and  
 veral other persons well versed in antiquity, to w  
 my mother would not hearken, thinking it better  
 be buried after that manner. The great expenses  
 was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sum  
 ary acts which were made in the following pe  
 ment."

NOTE XXII.

———"Gylbin come!"—P. 123.

See the story of Gilpin Horner, pp. 169, 170, 17

NOTE XXIII.

*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,*

*Like him, of whom the story ran,*

*——— the electric-hound in Man.—P. 124.*

still, however, retained  
an evil spirit, which only waited permission  
to hurt; and for that reason, forbore swearing  
and profane discourse, while in its company  
they endured the shock of such a gust  
together in a body, none cared to be left  
it being the custom, therefore, for one  
to locke the gates of the castle at a certain  
hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose  
said before, the way led through the church  
ed among themselves, that whoever was  
ensuing night his fellow in this errand,  
company him that went first, and by this means  
ould be exposed singly to the danger: for  
reason, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always  
to be out from that passage at the close of  
to it again as soon as the morning dawned  
to let them look on this place as its peculiar  
One night, a fellow being drunk, and by  
his liquor rendered more daring than  
thought at the simplicity of his company  
though it was not his turn to go with the  
others, he took that office upon him to testify  
to the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him



either to speak, or —  
some signs, by which they might  
happened to him; yet nothing in-  
from him, only that, by the distor-  
features, it might be guessed that  
more than is common in a natur-

The *Mauthe Doog* was, however,  
the castle, nor would any one  
that passage; for which reason  
another way made. This acc-  
threescore years since: and I h-  
ral, but especially by an old sc-  
he had seen it oftener than he  
head."—*Waldron's Description*  
p. 107.

NOTE X

And he a solemn sacred  
Did to St. Bryde of Dou-

— saint



